

GREAT RACE BETWEEN TAMMANY AND LAMPLIGHTER

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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PRETTY EDITH MARSHALL PARALYZES POLICEMAN HULSE IN THE FAMOUS TENDERLOIN PRECINCT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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CORBETT AND MITCHELL SIGN.

James J. Corbett and Charley Mitchell have agreed to battle in the Coney Island Athletic Club for the heavy-weight championship of the world. In addition to the title there is a \$40,000 purse offered by the club, to go to the man who wins. The outside stakes of \$10,000 a side have been withdrawn at the request of Judge Newton, the matchmaker of the club. Battling for side stakes is prohibited by the laws of this State, and the Coney Island Club is run in strict accordance with the prescribed regulations.

The fact that the two men promptly signed the articles of agreement, and consented to settle their differences in the arena by the sea, will put a stop to the unjust criticisms that have been uttered since Mitchell reached these shores. It is now pretty generally understood that the English champion did not come over here to talk and bluff, but to fight. His worst enemies will admit that he has acted squarely in the matter. He has expressed confidence in the American sporting public, and knows that he will receive fair play whether he fights in the Coney Island Club or in some more remote organization. He has posted \$10,000 as a guarantee for his appearance in the ring on the night of the fight. That ought to satisfy every one that he will be on hand at the call of "time."

Corbett has been in earnest about the fight ever since the original stakes were posted by Manager Brady and the late Squire Abington. While he has expressed doubts about Mitchell's sincerity in the matter, he has shown that he did not utterly lack confidence by starting in to train for the battle at an early date. This was pretty good evidence that he expected Mitchell to be on hand on the night in question, and that he did not underrate his opponent's ability as a fighter. He knew that in order to conquer so clever an adversary as the Englishman he must be in the best possible condition. And he will be.

The battle will be a good one. From a scientific standpoint it will be one of the best ever witnessed in this country. Both men are experts at boxing, clever ring generals and courageous beyond a doubt.

We will not attempt to speculate on the result. We want the championship to remain in this country, but we want it to be decided purely on its merits.

May the best man win.

MASKS AND FACES.

The Rollicking Chorus Girl Has Come Back To Town.

A NEW STAGE BEAUTY.

How Manager Smith Dropped His Pants In Oskaloosa.

MARIE JANSEN IN COMEDY.

The pretty chorus girl has come back to town, and her chipper presence maketh glad the heart of the "Johnnie" and the bald head. She promenades the streets in her jaunty, careless way, and hums a song as she glances at the shop windows.

She is a happy, dainty, rollicking miss, is the chorus

girl, with graces enough to turn the head of an anchorite.

In summer time she exists on air and the hope of next season. And in the fall she is again in evidence, brighter, bricker, portier than ever.

Sweet chorus girl, your health!

A new stage beauty has come to town, and with his usual luck, Charles H. Hoyt has got her in his latest play, "A Temperance Town," which was presented auspiciously last week at the Madison Square Theatre.

Her name is Caroline Miskel, and, like all beautiful women, she suggests in her bewilderment of charms the potency of her few and unique predecessors. In repose her face recalls the mysterious, subtle fascination of that of Lillian Russell. In serious mood there is a reminiscence of Ada Rehan, but when she smiles, the old-timer can faintly imagine that he sees before him in flesh, the peerless beauty of Adelaide Neilson.

The town is bound to lose its head over Caroline Miskel, for she is as natural and unaffected as she is beautiful. She is going to make her mark in her profession, too, for she is not convinced that she is a latter day Rachel. While she has talent, she admits

that she has much to learn about the most difficult of arts, but she is ambitious.

"Red hair and a strong will were what made me an actress," she said to me a few days ago, when I questioned her about her stage career. "I am a fanatic on being natural. I don't believe in making points. I don't believe in thinking too much of your audience. I'd cheerfully endure getting bad notices and being called mediocre if I finally reached the facility of being termed a natural actress. I don't believe in curtain calls. After you have fainted in the snow and been brought to with whisky and blankets, it seems absurd to appear before the curtain in one's natural health and beaming with smiles of satisfaction."

Charles H. Hoyt had never heard of Caroline Miskel until his attention was called to the fact that she had visited the Madison Square Theatre.

"Lady here to see you to-day," said his small office-boy on the author-manager's return. "Out of sight, sir."

"Did you see the stunning girl as called here to-day, sir?" observed the janitor.

"Say, Charley," cried Charley Walsh, excitedly, "the handsomest woman I've seen in fifteen years was around here for a job to-day."

"Hoyt!" roared Walter Palmer, as the author was rushing for the Hoffman House bar, "there was a girl inquiring for you to-day whose handsome face made my bones rattle."

Hoyt sank into a seat and wiped the heavy beads from his serried brow. Then he thought hard and resolved that he would brace himself for the ordeal of the morrow. "A woman," he reflected, "who is able to bewitch so many adepts, must be, indeed, beautiful." The next day he met Miss Miskel and promptly

after a three weeks' engagement at Shea's Music Hall, at Buffalo, she will appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Miss Vance proved too much for Bessie Sanson, as was to be expected, and as the latter happens to be the star's wife something had to give way.

Marie Jansen appears to have made a bit in her new starring venture. After the first night of "Deimos" at Six, at Louisville, an enterprising interviewer asked her if she was pleased with her advent in the field of comedy.

"I am simply delighted," replied the vivacious Marie, "but I would much rather know what the audience thought of it. I am confident I will like this new departure of mine, but—let me confess—when I first walked out on the stage I was so frightened and nervous that my heart went down in my ankle—right there," added the bright little woman, as she flitted her gown daintily to one side and patted herself on one slender, round ankle.

I was talking to Edward A. Dathmar, the talented critic of the Times, about the appearance of Frederick Warle and Louis James in the legitimate, and the possibility that one of them might perhaps fill the niche left vacant by the death of Edwin Booth.

"Nobody who views our stage seriously," said he, "is looking just now for a successor to Mr. Booth. It is well, now that he is gone, to have the atmosphere cleared and the standards readjusted. It is not the province of the drama to be reviving all the time to be forever harking back to the classics. There are certain problems connected with the stage of to-day—a stage with a larger and more varied audience than the revered stage of antiquity had—which are not to be solved by trying to restore old conditions. We want new plays, and here in America we need American

plays of to-day, in which such expressions as 'go-seems' and 'methinks' and 'by'r ladykin' are not used."

Despising buffoonery and horse play, Marie Timpest firmly believes that opera comique can be presented in a manner classical, and, better still, that the bent of the public inclination is in that direction.

"Time was," she said to me recently—"and that, too, not so many seasons ago, when the public appeared to clamor for a style of comic opera that was no more nor less than vaudeville. Legitimate works were scorned and things appeared to be going to the dogs in a most rapid manner. But this era was short lived. Two or three big money successes turned many a managerial head, and writers were perforce compelled to turn their attention to rot pure and simple."

"Librettos were written for acrobatic comedians and music for concert hall singers. Five or six paralyzing failures indicated a change of heart or mind on the public's part and necessitated some tall managerial thinking. As a result, attention and effort were directed toward better things, and now there is every hope that America, its authors, composers and artists, will set the pace for a higher class of comic opera than has been known in years."

Alan Dale's forthcoming book will be out next month and will be entitled "My Foot-light Husband." It is bound to prove good reading.

Ed Perry, formerly a well-known Boston journalist, is helping to boom the Military Tournament at the Madison Square Garden. Herb is how he writes of the ubiquitous press agent:

"When he striketh a new star with a supposedly big bank roll, he gleefully singeth as follows:

Nothing to eat but the best,
Nothing to drink but wine,
Nothing to work but the press,
To aid my star to shine.

"But it frequently proveth that the bank roll was a mere figment of the imagination, and the star ends, meteoric flight on the stony strand, whereth ye press agent maketh his moan in this wise:

Nothing to eat but free lunch,
Nothing o'erhead but the skies,
Nothing to drink but rain punch,
Nothing to walk on but ties.

SHOT BY HIS WIFE'S BOARDER.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Abram Wilsey, of Petoskey, Mich., shot his wife four times with a revolver the other afternoon and was himself killed by Henry Sik, a young man who boarded in the house. The Wilseys have lived unhappily ever since their marriage seven years ago, and they parted by mutual consent three weeks ago, when the woman applied for a divorce. Wilsey went to his boarding house on the day of the tragedy, and after vainly trying to induce his wife to live with him, he drew a revolver, and as she fled he fired four shots, all taking effect and producing probably fatal injuries.

Young Sik rushed into the room, and, lodging behind a door, fired four times, one ball going through Wilsey's body, and the other striking him in the forehead, causing instant death. Sik is under surveillance awaiting the result of the inquest.

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A DAY WITH THE SOUBRETTE.

girl, with graces enough to turn the head of an anchorite.

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engaged her for the part of Ruth in "A Temperance Town."

Unexpected occurrences on the stage will often sharpen an actor's wits, and the necessity for rapid thought and action has given birth to some bright sayings.

"A few years ago," said Edgar Smith, the librettist, "I was interested in a small company of budding young barnstormers, of which Frank David, the comedian, was a member. We were playing 'Fair Dates' and had pitched our tent at Oskaloosa, a metropolis of Iowa. Business was about as bad as the show, and while doing a burlesque broadsword combat with David, I was making a mental calculation of our chances of getting out of town, when the drawing-string of my paper-muslin breeches broke, and before I was aware of it they were dangling about my feet."

"The audience laughed—quite an unusual thing with our comedy company—and the shock called my attention to the accident. I immediately dropped to a recumbent position, grabbing wildly at my runaway knickerbockers. David was equal to the occasion, and planting one of his generous feet upon my managerial chest, and assuming a tragic attitude, he thundered out to the audience:

"Stop! don't laugh! He is not the first manager who has dropped his pants in Oskaloosa!"

Elna Wallace-Hopper is going to do a serpentine dance in "Panjandrum," after she concludes her engagement with Charles Frohman's stock company.

Eunice Vance has left Frank Daniels' company, and

Here's a Rich One. "A Parisian Sultana."

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Findlay, O., Millionaire's Son's Naughty Escapade.

DID SHE MARRY TO KILL?

An Inhuman Father Assaults His Young Daughters.

HUBBY HAD A HATCHET.

Burton P. Foster, the son of a Findlay, O., millionaire, deserted his young and pretty wife recently, and eloped with his pretty typewriter, Nellie Borne. He deserted Nellie after a few days and the unfortunate girl returned to the home of her parents in Findlay.

The story Nellie tells is the usual one of man's betrayal and woman's misplaced confidence. The fair eloper said that she made the acquaintance of Mr. Foster in the law office where she was employed about a year ago. At that time he employed her to do typewriting for him. While she was employed by him he began to give her little attentions, but in themselves objectionable and offensive, but gradually leading up to others which were so. In spite of her resistance these attentions were persisted in, and grew until by reason of explanations, assurances and arguments they seemed no longer wrong to her. Mr. Foster before long made love to her, and assured her of his undivided affections. Later, by the arts and assurances in which he perpetually indulged, she says, he got such an influence over her that she could no longer resist his protestations of affection.

In spite of this, however, she maintained her dignity and sought to avoid him. He persistently sought her, however, and pressed his claim to her affections. She became alike unable to avoid and resist him. At last he proposed elopement. She flatly refused him, but he persisted for weeks in his proposition, finally promising that if she would go with him he would get a divorce within ninety days and marry her. He drew a pretty and tempting picture of their great happiness, and gave her the assurance that he was about to open a bank in a distant Territory, where they would live in peace and plenty undisturbed. After a long siege of this character she finally consented to go with him to Oklahoma upon certain conditions, and they eloped. After getting on the train on that fateful morning a full realization of the great mistake she had made came upon her, and she begged to be permitted to return home, but Foster urged her to firmness, and with protestations of love and bright pictures of future joy, smothered her desire to escape. They went to Kingfisher, Ok. T., where he was to engage in banking business. His father, Hon. Parks Foster, of Elyria, telegraphed him he would get no money, and the bubble burst. Foster accompanied her to Toledo, and then sent her home, while he went on to Elyria to procure peace, if possible, with his father. The little girl is heartbroken, and her home is ruined. Her brother vows to shoot the wrecker of his sister's happiness on sight, and will hunt for him till found. Mrs. Foster, after hearing the little girl's story, applied for a divorce as well as alimony.

A peculiar story of inhuman cruelty and an alleged conspiracy to marry an old man and then kill him for his money, was recently brought to light in the Chicago courts. Incidentally it also discloses an attempt to obtain a fraudulent decree of divorce.

A short time ago Mrs. Jane Mathews brought suit against her husband, Henry B. Mathews, for divorce

woman's malicious designs. Henry B. Mathews, is 85 years and 8 months of age and one of the best known "old settlers" of the west side. For some time he has been so decrepit as to be unable to move without the aid of crutches, and then but a short distance.

It was this fact that made it possible for the alleged conspirators to nearly carry out their inhuman designs. By a life of careful industry Mathews has amassed a fortune of some \$70,000 and enjoys a neat income from it. It was accordingly a surprise to his friends and family when on Oct. 8, 1888, he was suddenly married. The fact that his wife was a woman over thirty years younger than he added to speculation and gossip. It was thought, however, that dreading to end his days alone or to be a burden on his children he had married to get a nurse. The answer discloses the sequel.

After denying the charges of cruelty in his wife's bill Mathews tells the court that, while he is almost eighty-six years old, weight 120 pounds, and is unable to rise from his bed without assistance, his wife is only fifty-five years old and weighs over 250 pounds. "Before I married her she used to help her father shoe horses in the blacksmith shop," says the bill.

At the time of the marriage, Jane was a servant in the house of a man named Jackson. The latter seemed to have gained a hypnotic influence over the old man. One day he went to Mathews' house and told him he knew a nice girl who would marry him. He compelled Mathews to go home with him, where he met Jane, who said she had walked all the way from the orphan asylum where she had been working. A few days later Jane and Jackson compelled the old man to show them his will, so that they could see how much he was worth.

The next move was to get him to make an antenuptial settlement by which Jane was to get the homestead and furniture and \$5,000 in cash at his death. Then only ten days after he first saw Jane she became his wife. Mathews didn't care to get married, but the pair had gained a terrible influence over him. Not long after the marriage Mathews was run over by a cable car and had a leg broken. Since then he has been a confirmed cripple. Soon after their marriage the wife, it is alleged, began to dose the old man with drugs so as to weaken his mind and get him to deed her all his property.

On Aug. 4, 1892, it is claimed, so heavy was the drug given that Mathews became unconscious. When he



WHAT THE OLD MAN SAW.

recovered he found his crutches, where they had been hidden, and hobbled out to the sitting room. There he surprised his wife partially dressed and in the arms of the man who acted as his nurse.

On July 25 last, the wife smuggled three men into the house, who were hired, Mathews believes, to kill him.

On their refusal to tell for what they were there he ordered them to leave and threatened to shoot them. "I started around the bed to get my revolver," he says in the answer, "when my wife sprang upon me with both feet. She jumped upon my broken leg, causing me excruciating agony. Then she shoved me under the bed, grasped my revolver and said, 'I will kill you.'"

She locked him in a room for three days, without anything to eat. He finally told her he would go to the bank and get some money. She went with him, and he sent for his son, and, going to his home, has not seen the woman since.

A horrible story of a father's hideous crime comes from Martin's Ferry, O. Robert Filton, a well-known citizen of the place, was recently arrested on complaint of his wife. She alleged that he was frequently intimate with his eldest daughter, aged fourteen years. When she found it out she remonstrated, but to no purpose. She sent the girl to Pittsburg, but before two weeks had passed she caught her husband in bed with the second daughter, aged twelve years.

Several weeks later Mrs. Filton claims she discovered her husband in bed and attempting to assault his nine-year-old daughter. She was horrified and immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He was locked up without bail. The mother is frantic with grief, although she would have concealed the first two offences if the father had not made the last attempt on his youngest and favorite child. There is great indignation manifested against Filton, who up to this time has borne an excellent reputation.

While Sergeant Cota, of the San Diego, Cal., police force, was listening to a serenade by the city grand band at headquarters one night recently, a

young man clothed in under shirt and trousers limped in and said:

"Here's a man trying to kill me with a hatchet."

A moment later, George Tarbaugh, a tall and strapping expressman, burst into the crowd and pounced upon the young man who was recognized as Bert Hawkins. Both men are in the employ of the Diamond Carriage Company.

Tarbaugh was quickly hustled outside by Sergeant Cota, while Hawkins sank into a chair suffering intense pain from his ankles, which were bleeding and apparently fractured.

The cause of the trouble was quickly learned from Tarbaugh, who said Hawkins had jumped from a third-story window of the Norwood, just across the street, to escape Tarbaugh, who caught him in the room with Mrs. Tarbaugh. At the edge of the sidewalk in front of police headquarters was found the hatchet with which Tarbaugh had attempted to make mincemeat of Hawkins. The latter had quickly chosen the alternative of jumping. He landed on his feet on the cement sidewalk, escaping death by a miracle. The sound of the fall was heard by the serenaders across the street.

Tarbaugh hurried across the street to the Norwood, closely followed by Sergeant Cota. The former rushed into the room where he had left his wife, but she had gone to another room, leaving her clothing behind. Tarbaugh finally located the woman, who was in bed with her little girl. He started to upbraid her but was checked by the officer.

"I want Hawkins and her arrested for adultery," said Tarbaugh.

"Oh, I can't do that," said the sergeant. "I didn't see them commit the crime."

"Well, I did," was the reply.

Hawkins' clothing and shoes were taken to him, and he was removed to his home. Dr. Remondino was called and it was found that both ankles were badly fractured and one wrist seriously injured. It is thought that he is dangerously wounded.

Tarbaugh and his wife have not lived happily together, and for several months past have remained separate by mutual consent. Mrs. Tarbaugh is an attractive little woman who has hitherto borne a good reputation. She betrayed very little excitement and did not appear to mind the threats of her enraged husband. She denied that he had been supporting her of late, and accused him of being a principal in

speaking of the affair one of the leading Australian newspapers said:

"One turns with a sense of pleased relief from the persistent attempts of a spurious morality to convict Mounted Constable Willshire; the charge against him, practically of being a double-dyed murderer, broke down quickly. Had Willshire's native police not been engaged in the direct execution of their duty, or had pompous dignity acted with more discretion and less misguided zeal, Willshire would not have been subjected to the pain of arrest and trial. It is a good thing



HIS CHILD HIS VICTIM.

for the Colony that the maintenance of order in remote and wild regions is entrusted to such as he. Poor Willshire has shown that his mind is far above the commonplace level of his detractors. Much that is known regarding the natives of Central Australia is due to the labor and care Willshire has brought to bear for years upon his favorite study."

ROBBED AND BEATEN BY TWO BRUTES.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Charles A. Darling, a prominent society woman of New Rochelle, was the victim of a daring highway robbery in that village about 7 o'clock the other night. She was desperately assaulted by two ruffians while walking at Centre and Beauchamp avenues, not 100 yards from Main street.

Mrs. Darling is the wife of the receiving teller of the Murray Hill Bank of this city, a grandson of the president of the bank. When Mr. Darling left home in the morning, he gave his wife \$65 in cash and a bank check for \$25. He told her to go to the law office of C. C. Keene, in Main street, and pay him \$90 due on a bond. She went out, and was walking along beside the old Catholic Church, in Centre avenue, when a man jumped out from a clump of bushes on the church property and grabbed her. She began to struggle, and another man stepped up and grabbed her pocketbook, which hung on a chateleine at her side.

Mrs. Darling was thrown heavily upon a heap of rocks. She became unconscious, but soon recovered to find herself divested of nearly all her apparel. She arranged her tattered clothing as best she could, and went home. Her husband arrived a few minutes after ward. All night Mrs. Darling was hysterical, and the next day she was suffering severely from injuries upon her arms and body. In the pocketbook which the highwaymen took from her was the \$65 which her husband had left in the morning.

At the last session of the Board of Supervisors of the county the tramp law was withdrawn, and since then the entire county has been infested with tramps. It is supposed that the assailants of Mrs. Darling were two of a gang which have been sleeping in barns and outhouses. No trace of them has been found.

DICK O'BRIEN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

In this issue we publish a portrait of Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me. He is now open to fight any man in America at 142 pounds. His backer is Joe Lewis, of Boston, Mass., who is willing to back him against any welterweight.

KILLED BY COWARDLY ANARCHISTS.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. August Reese was murdered and her husband brutally and seriously beaten by anarchists at Calamity, a small mining town two miles south of Pittsburg, Pa., the other night. Some time ago Mrs. Reese learned the secrets of the anarchists and her death was at once decreed.

While returning from church Mr. Reese and wife were met by Moen Laisen and August Brice, anarchists, who at once opened fire. Mrs. Reese was killed at the second shot. The murderers then turned upon the husband and left him for dead. A party was organized and Laisen captured. Brice had already succeeded in getting away. Constable Hebbeloff, of Calamity, says the murder is the indirect result of the killing of a Frenchman a year ago. Brice cannot avoid arrest.

HUGGED A NEW YORK COPPER.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Ethel Marshall, a pretty young woman with black curly hair and black eyes, dressed in the height of fashion, was arrested at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street the other night by Policeman Hulce of the West Thirtieth street station. The girl said she lived at the Gedney House, and was just full enough to be anxious to make things lively.

When she saw Hulce coming toward her she gave a scream of joy, and ran up and grabbed him about the neck and planted a resounding kiss on his unwilling lips. Then she began to hug him, and refused to let him go, and at last the officer had to lock her up.

In the Jefferson Market Court Justice Hogan discharged her after a lecture.

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PREPARING THE DRUG.

on the grounds of cruelty. Among other things she alleged that Mathews beat her with a crutch, attempted to shoot her and wound up by refusing to admit her to the home at 1183 West Lake street. Unexpectedly to her, Mathews obtained the services of Attorney F. H. Trude. The latter's investigations have brought to light unheard-of tale of barbarity, which it seems would have been impossible to perpetrate in these days. The attorney, however, vouches for the story by putting it on the court records. The victim of the

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MISS VIRGINIA CARL.

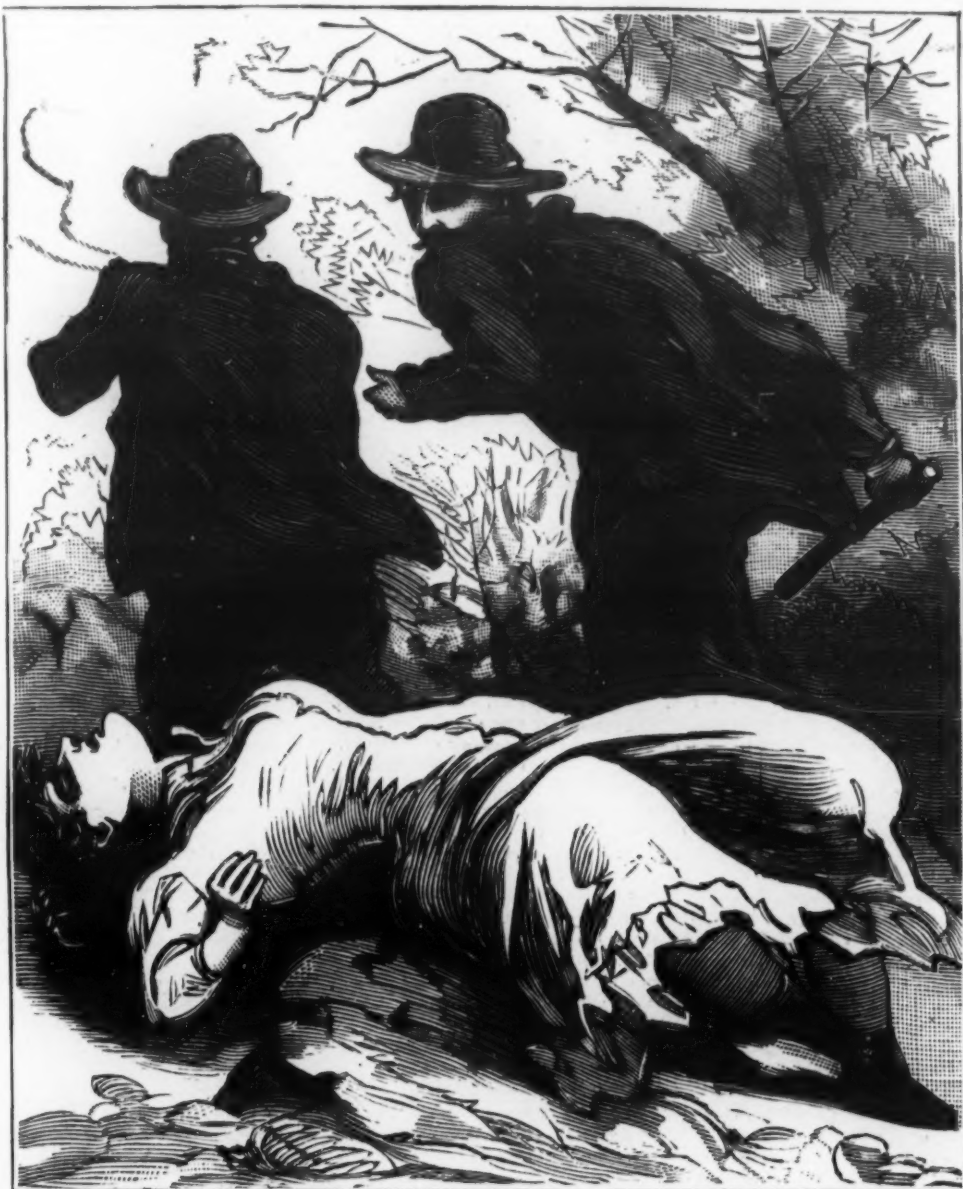
A FASCINATING AND SHAPELY BURLESQUER, FAMOUS IN AUSTRALIAN MUSIC HALLS, NOW IN THIS CITY.



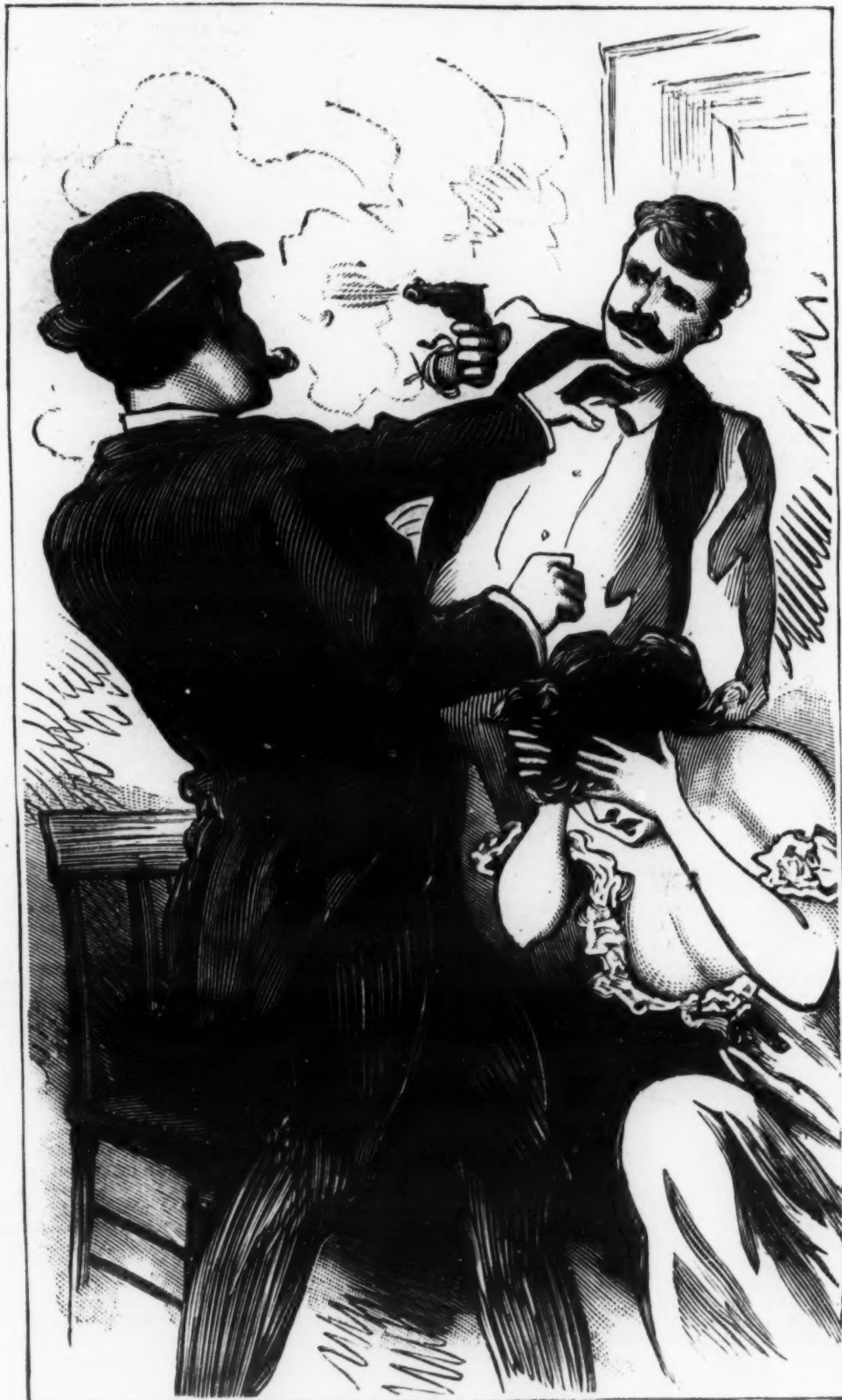
CRANK IN CHICAGO'S BOARD OF TRADE.
MANIAC CASSIUS BELDEN EMPTIES HIS REVOLVER FROM THE GALLERY AND WOUNDS TWO MEN AND A WOMAN ON THE FLOOR.



COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM.
BECAUSE OF UNREQUITED LOVE BEAUTIFUL LENA M'CHELL SHOTS HERSELF THROUGH THE HEART IN THE GIBSON HOUSE, CAIRO, ILL.



ROBBED AND BEATEN BY TWO BRUTES.
MRS. CHARLES A. DARLING, A NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., SOCIETY WOMAN, ATTACKED BY TWO BOLD HIGHWAYMEN NEAR HER HOME.



SHOT BY HIS WIFE'S BOARDER.
ABRAM WILSEY, A PETOSKEY, MICH., MAN, ATTEMPTS TO MURDER HIS WIFE, AND IS SHOT AND INSTANTLY KILLED BY HENRY SIX.

POVERTY LEADS TO SHAME.

A Startling Climax To a Series of Wrong-Doing.

IT WAS ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Harold Darwin Wounded By His Pretty Wife's Betrayer.

A CHICAGO HOTEL SCANDAL.

There was a highly sensational scene, which nearly resulted in a tragedy, enacted in the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, early the other morning.

Harold Darwin, a traveling salesman, living at 237 Erie street, tried to blackmail a real estate dealer giving his name as W. A. Carson, and during the struggle that followed was shot by Carson, or shot himself through the left arm.

Darwin is charged with assault with intent to kill, and is in the custody of an officer at the County Hospital. Carson, charged with assault to kill, is locked up at the Armory Police Station, and Mrs. Carson and A. J. Brinkwater are held as witnesses under the charge of being inmates of a house of ill-fame.

Every effort was made by all the parties concerned to suppress their real names, but among Carson's papers were found receipts in favor of Mr. Fox, and as the initial letter on his linen is "F" the police think the name of Fox is the prisoner's right one. Mrs. Hattie Darwin first gave the name of Beard, but under a keen examination by Lieutenant Backus, she admitted her name was Darwin and her address 239 Erie street.

The story is highly dramatic. Darwin is a traveling salesman employed by the Grant Collecting Agency, of New York City. He is twenty-seven years old, and only a short time ago was married. His wife is an uncommonly pretty girl of nineteen years. Her eyes are hazel in color and shaded by long lashes and arched by even brows. Her hair is a beautiful chestnut and is worn in a fashionable style. Her figure is small, but gracefully molded.

Finances have been low in the Darwin home for some time, and when Harold returned from his many trips and brought back gloomy reports the young wife was animated to do what she could to aid him. Darwin was averse to having his pretty bride enter commercial walks, and as he would not permit it she took the reins into her own pretty hands, and once while her husband was away, unmindful of the accompanying disgrace, she met Fox, or Carson, as he calls himself, and kept an appointment with him.

When Darwin returned he found money in his wife's purse, and when questioned about it she failed to explain its source satisfactorily. He would not suspect at first, but finally after a second and third return and still finding the purse well lined he accused her of her sin.

She indignantly denied the accusation, but her tears did not wash out the lingering doubt in her husband's mind, and he called in a young fellow calling himself Brinkwater to follow his wife and let him know all that occurred. A few days ago Darwin was in St. Louis, when he received a telegram from his detective summoning him home.

While on his way home his mind changed. The honor of his name was forgotten as he surveyed his depleted pocket-book. The gate was open for temptation, and he welcomed it. Instead of protecting his bride from disgrace and his name from dishonor, he listened to his desire for money and affluence.

Upon reaching Chicago he met Brinkwater, and was informed about all that had transpired during his absence. Fox was described as a prosperous-looking man.

He would blackmail his wife's betrayer. To make good his appearance he purchased a cheap but murderous-looking revolver from some second-hand store, and armed with this he and Brinkwater started out to find the erring wife and her wealthy paramour. Brinkwater was familiar with the rendezvous, and when Fox and Mrs. Darwin left the spot they were followed at a safe distance by the husband and detective.

To the La Salle Hotel went the first couple, and the others waited. During this painful interim Darwin recalled his dishonor and precipitately rushed up the carpeted stairs, unmindful of the plan of giving sufficient time for the two to be found in a compromising position, and followed the couple to their room.

In No. 13, Mrs. Darwin and the man were surprised. Fox was standing with his arms about the slender waist and his lips pressed to hers.

The sinning woman rushed to hide, while Fox, provoked and angry, stepped to the door.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Open, or I'll shoot through the door," came the reply, and thinking a thousand things at once Fox opened the door.

Mrs. Darwin screamed in fear. "My husband," she cried, hysterically, clasping her hands.

Fox, more powerful than Darwin, threw himself upon the other as the husband drew the big, ugly

weapon. The two men struggled across the floor to the bed, where they fell together. The door stood gaping open, and young Brinkwater came in, closing it after him.

"I want \$500," demanded Darwin, "or I will expose all."

"It's blackmail," cried Fox, and he wrenched the revolver from the grasp of the husband, snapping the trigger in such a way that Darwin's finger was caught and torn.

What followed is disputed. Darwin says Fox pointed the weapon at his heart, and just as he brushed the muzzle away pulled the trigger, the bullet piercing Darwin's left arm at the elbow.

Fox says Darwin had the revolver and just as he fired Fox knocked it from the direction in which it was pointed.

At the Central detail the girl, flushed with her shame, burst into tears many times during the examination, and was sobbing piteously as she was driven to the Armory in the patrol wagon.

MARCUS DALY'S THREE-YEAR-OLD WINS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The great race for \$10,000 between millionaire Marcus Daly's Tammany and George Walbaum's Lamplighter, one mile and a quarter, was run on Sept. 28, on the Hudson County Jockey Club track, Guttenberg, N. J. Both of the horses are four-year-olds and carried 122 pounds. Edward H. Garrison, the champion jockey of America, had the mount on Tammany, and Fred Tatal, the next best jockey in America, rode Lamplighter.

Tammany easily vanquished the son of Spendthrift and Torchlight in as true a race as ever occurred in the history of the turf. The winner was ably ridden by "Snapper" Garrison. He allowed Fred Tatal, who had the mount on Lamplighter, to make the pace to the head of the stretch—and a fast clip it was, too—where he let out a link on Tammany, and the race was over. The chestnut passed his rival in three jumps and romped home, the easiest kind of a winner, in the fast time of 2:06 3/4. This time establishes a record for the distance—1 1/4 miles—on this track. Lamplighter, spurred and urged to his utmost, finished three lengths behind the winner.

How fast the race was run and the evenness of the

stretch, but Garrison made no move with Tammany till the far turn was reached, where he moved up to within a length of the brown son of Spendthrift.

When they swept into the stretch Garrison went to work on Tammany. In a twinkling he was on even terms with Lamplighter. Up went Tatal's whip and then it descended with cruel force on Lamplighter's quivering muscles.

"Lamplighter's beaten," roared 15,000 throats. Again and again the whip descended on Lamplighter, raising cruel welts on his glossy hide. Tatal's spurs were driven with energy born of desperation. His efforts were futile, however. Tammany drew further and further away and fairly romped in an easy winner by three lengths in the fast time of 2:06 3/4.

The crowd cheered frantically for Tammany when he made his great rush through the stretch, and when Garrison returned to the judges' stand after the finish he broke through the rails, dragged Garrison from his horse and carried him to the weighing scales. He was then placed in a large floral horseshoe and triumphantly paraded before the grand stand.

MISS VIRGINIA CARL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Virginia Carl is one of the recent imported beauties who has won the hearts of the metropolitan dudes. Miss Carl comes from Australia, where she is famous in the music halls. Her portrait appears on another page.

CRANK IN CHICAGO'S BOARD OF TRADE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Cassius Belden, a carriage painter out of work, living in LaSalle street, entered the Chicago Board of Trade, the other day when the floor was most crowded with operators and the galleries with spectators, and, after a few minutes' moody watching the scene, drew a pistol and fired five shots, three of which took effect. No one was killed but the following received serious wounds:

Amri Bennet, a prominent operator and President of the Board of Trade Insurance Company, hit in the neck; believed to be seriously wounded; Mrs. W. W. Lewis, of Titusville, Pa., World's Fair visitor to Chicago, who was sitting in the gallery, flesh wound;



THE STRUGGLE IN THE LA SALLE HOTEL.

pace is shown by the official fractional time: Eighth, 12 3/4; quarter, 24 3/4; three-eighths, 37; half, 49 3/4; five-eighths, 1:02; three-quarters, 1:14 3/4; seven-eighths, 1:27 3/4; mile, 1:40 3/4; mile and an eighth, 1:53; and mile a quarter, 2:06 3/4.

The match was for \$2,500 a side, to which the Hudson County Jockey Club added a purse of \$5,000, this making the total value of the stake \$10,000.

Everything was in favor of the match. The weather was perfect and the track was dry and fast. The judges for the day were Joseph J. Burke, presiding judge, and Col. S. N. Bruce and J. E. Brewster, Secretary of Washington Park, Chicago, associates. Marcus Daly and General Jackson, owner and breeder respectively of Tammany, were among those present.

The crowd scarcely noticed Tammany as he received his warming-up gallop, but his friends were making themselves felt in the betting ring. Lamplighter warmed up in his colors and received an ovation. In the betting at the opening the bookies chalked up 9 to 10 against each of the horses and they did not have to wait long for takers. Bettors rushed at them pell mell and waved greenbacks frantically into their faces in an endeavor to get the money on their favorite.

For a while the odds given remained steady, but then the crush of more Tammany money forced the price of that horse down and down, until at post time 7 to 10 was the best price obtainable on his chances, while as good as 11 to 10 could be obtained all round the ring on Lamplighter. Marcus Daly, owner of Tammany, sent a big commission into the ring. The exact amount could not be learned, but several well-posted bookmakers said it amounted to at least \$20,000.

The bugle called the horses to the post at 4:16. Tammany was the first to appear, and was soon followed by Lamplighter. They got away at 4:18. Tatal immediately sent Lamplighter to the front, evidently having instructions to make a hot pace.

Passing the stand Lamplighter was going easily a length and a half in front, but Tammany loomed along behind in that long easy stride so prominent in him. Around the turn they swept with no perceptible difference in the distance between them. Lamplighter's adherents were shouting as they went down the back

C. C. Roswell, assistant chief operator of the Western Union Telegraph Company on 'Change, jaw fractured by a bullet.

The panic which followed the lunatic's first shot speedily cleared the floor, operators tumbling over each other in their hurry to reach the outer hall. Those who sat in the gallery and could not get out recall that they had seen a middle-aged man sit watching the moving scene on the floor below.

When the first shot was heard the operators who looked in the direction whence it came saw the individual in question flourishing his pistol and endeavoring to pull the trigger of the weapon, which appeared to momentarily have caught on his finger. He was still flourishing the pistol aimlessly when it discharged four times more in rapid succession. He probably would have fired again, for his weapon was seven chambered, had he not been caught from behind by Tom Barrett, the floor officer of the board and a noted athlete, who threw him to the floor and pinioned his hands.

He was then taken down to the private room of the Executive Committee of the board, shouting at the top of his voice: "I warned them before and they would not heed me! I gave them plenty of fair warning."

For some time he refused to give any name except "Chicago" and showed unmistakable signs of mental aberration.

At the Harrison street police station Belden made a rambling statement, part of which follows:

"I've been under hypnotic influences for three years, but it is only lately that I have reached the exalted state. I was in the vulgar state for a long time. I have visited the Board of Trade quite frequently. It has been a struggle for bread with all of us, but when they began to sell my soul in the Board of Trade today I resisted. Before they sold my soul they sold my two children who are in Philadelphia. I saw these children sold in the Board of Trade once before, and I could not endure to see it done again. Once they sent me to Kanakas. That was several years ago. The asylum did me no good, but I have thought lately that I would like to go to some asylum again."

"I went to the Board of Trade to-day because I thought they would put my soul for sale. I bought the revolver on Clark street. I have a wife in Philadelphia and two children, but the latter have been sold in the Board of Trade. I belong to an invisible society which demands \$1 per week as a membership fee."

How could I pay my fee with nothing to do and my soul being sold at the Board of Trade? The Bible and the laws of hypnotism say this is not right."

SHE SCARED THE BURGLAR.

Miss Jennie Smith, a pretty girl of eighteen, whose home is in Kingston, had an exciting experience with a masked man the other evening in Newburg, N. Y.

Miss Smith is visiting at the home of the Misses Anthony, No. 134 Chambers street. She occupied the middle room on the main floor and Miss Sarah H. Anthony the rear room. At eleven o'clock the Misses Cornelia and Kate Anthony were in the dining room and their sister had retired. Miss Smith stood before the mirror in her room combing her hair and preparing to retire. She glanced to the right of the mirror and there, reflected upon the white wall, she saw the figure of a burly man.

At first she did not take much notice of the apparition, thinking it might be the reflection of some person in the yard. She turned toward the open window at the rear of the room and then saw plainly a man with a false beard, a black mask and hands encased in black gloves, while his clothing was dark blue. He was about to jump into the room.

Miss Smith screamed and thrust her hand into the bureau drawer for a revolver belonging to one of the Misses Anthony, but the weapon was not there.

The man backed hurriedly upon the rear stoop, however, and a moment later he, with a companion who had remained in the yard, disappeared in the darkness. As they ran one of them fired shots from a revolver.

Miss Sarah Anthony rushed to Miss Smith's room, and soon the other two ladies came up from down stairs.

Miss Smith told what she had seen without exhibiting much alarm. The masked man had reached the open window from the back veranda.

LIVELY SCRAP IN A BAGGIO.

Cincinnati, Louisville and Lexington sports engaged in a desperate battle in Lewiston, Ky., the other night at the baggio conducted by Belle Brezing. Cincinnati's representatives were disfigured, but did their part bravely. George Miller and Gretchen Frazier went to Lewiston from Cincinnati several weeks ago and secured board at Mme. Brezing's. The Miller woman was loved and in turn loved a Cincinnati man of handsome personage and plenty of cash, who also understood how to dispose of it. This fellow called on his mistress, as early as 6 o'clock the couple went into Miss Brezing's parlor and commenced ordering Mumm's Extra Dry.

Miss Frazier was invited by the Miller woman to join them in festivities. In the house is Nellie Le Blanc, of Louisville, who was on intimate terms with the Cincinnati woman. Because she was not also extended an invitation Le Blanc grew angry, as did Miss Brezing. These two determined to get even with the Cincinnati sports. They sent out in town for a well-known young man, and taking the parlor adjoining the one occupied by the Cincinnati people commenced calling for Yellow Label.

Wine flowed like water until about 12 o'clock, when the bacchanalian revels were interrupted by Miss Brezing and the Le Blanc woman entering the parlor in which the Cincinnati people were holding high carnival. Hot words were passed and soon a fight ensued. The Cincinnati girls were pitted against the Louisville women and the landlady. Hair-pulling ensued to such an extent that the room was rendered hazy; parrains were jerked out, and, in fact, claret flowed in profusion. The furniture and mirrors were demolished and the women sank bruised and completely exhausted to the floor.

Noon Mme. Brezing demanded that the Cincinnati women pay for the broken furniture, and the conflict was again resumed. The Miller woman was badly cut about the face by a diamond ring worn by Madame Brezing and will be disfigured for life. The faces of all the women were badly cut and bruised and show the marks of teeth bites. The Cincinnati man escaped from the room, followed by the local swell, when the fight commenced.

MIKE FITZPATRICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mike Fitzpatrick, the middle-weight champion of the Northwest, whose portrait appears in this issue, is open to fight any man in the world at 154 pounds. He is very clever and scientific. He resides in Staples, Minnesota.

W. J. BRENNAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. J. Brennan, whose portrait appears on another page, is a well-known sporting man, of Latrobe, Pa. Brennan has a 26 pound dog he wants to match to fight any dog in America, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side.

GEORGE W. LUTTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Geo. W. Lutton is the champion heavy weight lifter of Pennsylvania. Lutton is a first-class general athlete, and he is open to contend against any athlete in the world, bar James W. Kennedy, the "Police Gazette" champion.

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BECAME A THIEF FOR LOVE.

Romantic Fall of Howard Higby, of Meriden, Conn.

PLAYED RACES AND STOLE.

Fell in Love With and Married Another Man's Wife.

DIDN'T WAIT FOR DIVORCE.

Love made him a burglar. Howard Higby was locked up in the Meriden, Conn., jail, charged with burglary. Were it not for the fact that he frankly confesses his wrongdoing the townspeople would not believe that he could commit crime. Higby says that it was all for the love of a lady. There is no denying the fact that Higby is trying to escape blame and worse things by throwing the burden upon this girl. She is only nineteen. The young man is only twenty. He speaks of her as his wife, and it is true that they were married. But she has a husband, from whom she has never been divorced.

Higby says he spent all his money on her, and when he lost his position through her continued demands she made upon him for money drove him to burglary, because he loved her so. She says he never spent a penny upon her, except for her actual living expenses, but that he gambled it away on horse races. She says also that he beat her and treated her abominably, and that she endured it because she loved him so.

Higby was born and raised in Meriden. He is an only child. His father was for many years employed in the Wilcox Silver Plating Works. He is an excellent mechanic and made good wages. He husbanded his money. No man in Meriden is more highly respected or occupies a better social position than Jasper Higby. He is one of the pillars of the First Methodist Church, in which he has been a deacon for many years.

Howard Higby was carefully reared. When he was fifteen years old, he went to work for an insurance company in Meriden. This company sold out to the Royal Company of Boston. Holt & Stevens, who had been Higby's employers, continued in business, acting as agents, in the same offices in the Wilcox building.

The young man was offered a position with the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford. He showed such exceptional ability that he was rapidly advanced. On Jan. 1 last, the beginning of the third year with the company, his salary was raised to \$1,200, which is looked upon as remarkable for an insurance clerk twenty years old.

It was on Feb. 22 last, that Higby met Florence D. Youngs at the Concordia ball in Bridgeport. She is very pretty, slender and girlish. She has the clearest of white complexions, with delicate red lips, big brown eyes and wavy brown hair.

Her home is in Danbury. Her family make no pretensions. Her father used to keep one of the lower class saloons on Canal street in that place. His name is Titmus. When the girl was sixteen years old she was married to Peter Youngs, who kept a saloon in the same street as her father. She has said that this man took her from her home and drugged her. When her senses returned he told her that they were married. She lived with Youngs only a week. At the end of that time he told her the best thing she could do was to go back home, as he could not support her.

She went to New Haven nearly two years ago and boarded for the greater part of the time at No. 16 Jefferson street. She was living there when Higby met her. He says that she was then under the protection of a rich young man in New Haven.

The girl of nineteen and the boy of twenty fell head over heels in love with each other at first sight. They began to correspond the next day. Higby went to New Haven to see her. In a very short while after their meeting he begged her to come to New Haven to live with him, and she gladly consented.

"I loved him so," she said, "that I didn't think of anything else but of being near him."

They were very happy for a while. To be sure dissensions arose for Higby was very jealous. He beat her. He says so himself. But she loved him all the more for it, after the manner of some women.

It came to the knowledge of President Skilton, of the Phoenix Insurance Company, that Higby was not living alone. He called the young man before him and asked who his companion was. Higby replied that she was his wife. Mr. Skilton was astonished and incredulous. He asked to see the marriage certificate. Higby told him that it was at his father's house in Meriden. He would go there and get it.

The youth told Florence that night that they must be married. She reminded him that she was already married, and that it would be a crime for her to marry again, as she had not secured a divorce.

Higby insisted. He said it was absolutely necessary that they should be married in order that he might retain his position. He overcame the girl's objections. He instructed her to tell the minister that her name was Florence Glover. They went to Bridgeport and were married.

The marriage took place on May 22. Higby altered the date of the marriage certificate, making it appear that the marriage took place on Feb. 22. He showed the changed certificate to Mr. Skilton. That gentleman was not convinced. He wrote to the minister in Bridgeport and learned the truth. He promptly discharged Higby.

The young man went back to his home in Meriden,

taking Florence with him. He had written his father that he was married. Mr. Higby went to Hartford to see Mr. Skilton to learn the reason of his son's discharge. Mr. Skilton told him the whole story.

When Mr. Higby returned he drove Florence out of the house. She went back to her home in Danbury.

Young Higby has been interested for several years in horse racing. He had bet money in the pool rooms more or less regularly, and had been rather successful on the whole. In Hartford he met a number of jockeys and trainers who make that city their home. One of those whom Higby learned to know very well was Fred Dern, a jockey. Higby wrote to him to know if there was any chance of his getting a position on one of the race tracks. The jockey replied that he was going to open a book himself at Guttenberg. He offered Higby a position as cashier at a salary of \$60 a week. The young man promptly accepted it. He went to Danbury for Florence and the two proceeded to New York.

They lived at 229 West Twenty-third street, New York city, where Higby paid \$32 a week board. That is, he paid it for two weeks. The book only lasted three weeks and he lost his third week's wages on the track. He had to get money for their board from his father in order that the trunks might be released.

Higby raised money enough to take himself and his wife to Philadelphia. He played the races at Gloucester for a while with some success. He secured a position as agent for a horse owner, but he held it for only four days. The employer suddenly decided to go to Europe and he demanded a large bond of Higby, which the latter could not furnish.

Then Higby began to know particularly hard luck. He lost every penny he could lay his hands on at the race track. Finally he decided to return home. He wrote to his father for \$10 and received it in a letter. Florence had borrowed \$25 from a friend. Higby took this money and lost every penny of it on the races. Then he borrowed enough money to pay for a telegram to his father saying he was sick. Mr. Higby went to Philadelphia and shipped them back to New Haven, Florence going to Danbury.

Howard Higby says that when he met Florence he had \$400 worth of diamonds



A BURGLAR FOR LOVE.

and \$1,500 in bank, and that he spent all on her. She says that he had a ring and a stud, which he pawned in order to play the races, and not a penny in the bank.

Young Higby has lived at home in Meriden during the last month. He has done nothing at all. He has been without money, except the little pocket money his father gave him. He says that during this time Florence has written to him constantly demanding money and threatening all sorts of things if he did not send it to her or come after her.

She told him that if he did not send it to her she would go home and live with Youngs. She says she added also that she didn't care how he got money so long as he got it.

The young man spent most of his time in the furniture office of Holt & Stevens. One day he saw Mr. Williams, the bookkeeper, place about \$600 in the vault. This vault is built in the building. There is a combination lock on the outer door. The inner door locks with a key. Williams placed the money in a drawer, locked the inner door, closed the outer door without locking it, and threw the key in a drawer, all in the presence of Higby.

The bookkeeper went home to tea just before 6 o'clock, intending to return afterward. Higby accompanied him home. Directly he had left Mr. Williams at his house Higby returned to the office, took the key out of the drawer, unlocked the safe and took the money. He left about \$250 behind. He went to his home. There was about \$80 in silver, which he hid in a well back of his father's house.

He went to Danbury the next day, telegraphing his wife to prepare to leave on the 12:45 train. She was waiting for him and they started away.

He showed Florence a considerable sum of money. She asked him where he got it. He told her his aunt had given it to him. He had often spoken about his aunt giving him money. This is what Florence says: As they were leaving Danbury she says the Chief of Police came through the car and that Higby dodged out the door. When he returned he was very pale. He told her it was a narrow escape. She questioned him and he admitted having stolen the money.

She says she tried to persuade him to go straight

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back to Meriden and return the money. He consented, but when they reached Wallingford he refused to go further. They left the train and went to the hotel, where he registered as "Raymond." That night he drove to Meriden and got the silver he had secreted in the well.

They spent the greater part of the twenty-four hours in Wallingford in driving. While Higby was buying a twenty-two dollar suit of clothes he was recognized by John Vincent, a reporter in Wallingford. He knew that the young man was suspected of being the burglar. He telephoned to the Chief of Police of Meriden.

Policeman Martin was sent to Wallingford, and he found Higby without difficulty. As he was entering the jail with his prisoner the young man made a dash for liberty. He was quickly captured. Later he was taken back to Meriden and lodged in jail.

Higby gave his wife \$10 before he was arrested. She started for South Norwalk and was arrested there. She was taken to Meriden and both were arraigned in the police court. The proceedings against the girl were nolle. It is likely that the case will be settled. When Higby was arrested \$287.26 was found on him.

WILLIE CRAIG WAS A GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When Willie Craig first made his appearance in the small town of Henderson, Tenn., all the girls in town fell dead in love with him. He had an Apollo-like shape and a complexion that would have made Madame Recamier blush. Willie's feet were small. So were his hands. He played the piano, sang, and altogether the girls agreed that he was just the sweetest fellow in the world. Of course the young men were jealous. Willie made very few friends among them. But he seemed to be perfectly satisfied with his feminine companions.

In view of these facts the sensation which was aroused in Henderson the other day when Willie was found to be a girl can better be imagined than described. Immediately the whole attitude of everybody changed, and the girls who had loved hated, while the boys who had hated loved.

For four months this young woman had worn men's

clothes about the town and, despite her delicate appearance as a youth, was not detected until recently.

Back of her actions is a story. She tells it herself that several years ago she had two lovers, one

named Sam Beasley, of Union City, Tenn., and the other Lee Steed, of Martin. She was coquettish. She led them on. Jealousy burned in flaming fires within their breasts. It came to a misunderstanding, then a blow and then a duel. In that duel Lee Steed shot and killed young Beasley. About the same time that this occurred the young girl's father died. Then her mother broke up house-keeping. Grieved over the death of her lover, for she had loved Beasley best, she resolved never to receive the attentions of another young man. To most effectively prevent men making love to her she became to all appearance one of their sex. And thus for three years she has lived in one town and then another until she went to Henderson about three months ago to be discovered, as stated.

Her real name is Willie Rankins. She has two half brothers. One of them is living at Hickman, Ky. His name is Poland Montgomery. It was by accident that the girl's sex was discovered, and she has now decided to be a sure enough girl again, in dress as well as in person.

ELOPED ON A SPOTTED STEER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On last Thursday morning a young couple appeared in Welch, McDowell County, W. Va. They were Miss Carrie Coats, a pretty, peachy-cheeked country damsel, of 17, and Sandy Johnson, a tall, stalwart, good-looking mountaineer, of 22 years. They had traveled all night from the bride's home on Ground Hog Creek, in order to elude the obdurate father of the girl. The girl was riding on the back of a dignified spotted steer, and Sandy was walking by her side. The unusual sight soon drew a crowd of people, and, as everybody loves a lover, half a dozen hurried off after a magistrate or a preacher. Unluckily for the lovers no official could be found who would marry them, on account of the girl's age. When the couple learned of this they both broke down and cried, the girl sobbing as if nearly heartbroken.

The tears of the pretty young girl brought about a determination on the part of the spectators to see them through in some way, and one suggested that they take the train, then nearly due, for Bristol, Tenn., where they would find no difficulty in getting married. This proposition changed the tears of the bride into smiles of joy and Sandy's less apparent grief into open-mouthed delight for a moment, until he thought of the expense. Some one in the crowd, however, anticipated the young man, and proposed that the crowd

pay all expenses, and in less time than it takes to write it pocketbooks were out and enough money was contributed to carry the couple through, with a souvenir left over for the bride.

The spotted steer was stalled in front of a pile of oats and corn to ruminate in peace and plenty until the return of the couple and the procession headed for the platform. Neither of the couple had ever seen a train before, and when it pulled in they got on the platform between the engine and baggage car. Their sponsors soon remedied this mistake and had them conducted into a ladies' car, where the conductor was expressly charged to see them safely through. The last seen of Carrie and Sandy as the train was whirling out of sight, they were folded in each other's arms, laughing and straining their eyes as they looked out of the window.

CHARLES SCHWALBACH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Schwalbach, the subject of this sketch, was born in Brooklyn, February, 1858. He was educated at a public school, studied mechanics and shortly afterward entered the service of the United States Government, serving as engineer on the man-of-war Wyoming. After completing his term of service he entered the employ of McKee & Harrington, manufacturers of the Union Bicycle. It was there he first derived his knowledge of bicycles. Believing that the wheel was destined to become the universal means of locomotion, he became a rider, and with five others organized the Kings County Wheelmen. He designed the present club badge, and has always been an earnest worker for the benefit of cycling.

CLUBBED BY A WRONGED WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time the wife of Mr. Clay Henry, a well-known resident of Corinth, Ky., has suspected him of infidelity, and has several times been informed of his frequenting Madame Bricey's resort. This, however, Mrs. Henry refused to believe until the other day, when she went out on a still hunt, and proved to her own satisfaction that the rumors were true. Immediately after his Sunday dinner Henry arose from the

table, saying he was going out into the country for a drive with a friend. Mrs. Henry tried to persuade her husband to spend his Sunday at home, but he was obstinate and left the house. Mrs. Henry suspected that he had gone to some resort, and along toward evening started out to find him.

Proceeding to Madame Bricey's house she saw a girl inmate hanging out of the window. Mrs. Henry asked the girl if Mr. Henry was in the house, and the soiled dove replied that he was not. This did not satisfy Mrs. Henry. She slipped around the house and coming to a side entrance peeped in. There she saw her husband and Mrs. Bricey occupying the same bed. Mrs. Henry rushed in and seizing a stout stick of wood began to rain blows upon her wayward husband and his companion in sin. With the fury of a tigress the wronged wife beat both offenders until they sprang from the bed and rushed from the house.

Mrs. Henry gave pursuit to her husband, but he could run the faster and soon escaped. He has not been seen since, and has fled for parts unknown.

Mrs. Bricey returned to her resort as soon as the coast was clear. She was considerably bruised up about the face and arms, and will show signs of the clubbing she received. As Mrs. Henry and her club devoted more time to Mr. Henry than Mrs. Bricey, it is certain that he is pretty badly damaged. It is thought Henry went to Cincinnati, and will remain there until the excitement blows over.

CAUGHT HER GUILTY HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Viola Bell, of No. 552 Franklin avenue, Columbus, O., has filed a sensational suit for divorce. Her husband is Harry Bell, a well-known bookkeeper, employed by Bradley, Munk & Co. The couple were married only last July, and Mrs. Bell was formerly a school-teacher of Somerset, where she is highly connected. She charges her husband with gross neglect of duty and faithlessness with Mrs. Sadie Shidler, of No. 196 East Town street.

Mrs. Shidler is the daughter of a highly respectable widow. She recently sued for divorce charging her husband James with being a spendthrift and failing to support her. According to Mrs. Bell's statement she has been cognizant for some time of her husband's relations with Mrs. Shidler. She says she expostulated with him; that he admitted his guilt and said he was too much fascinated with the woman to desist. The other night Mrs. Bell says her husband sent her to one of their relatives, and that she, suspecting that something was wrong, returned with witnesses and found the guilty couple in her own bedroom.

W. A. DE SCHAUM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. A. De Schaum, better known as the "Human Flute," of Baltimore, Md., is a clever imitator of birds, frogs, chickens, dogs, cats, etc. He has issued a challenge to whistle against any man or woman in the United States. A very good likeness of Mr. De Schaum appears on another page.

KILLED HER THROUGH JEALOUSY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Near Corinth, Ky., the other night, Scott Fields, aged eighteen, shot and killed Martha Hannally, aged twenty-three. The couple had been intimate for some time, but Fields became jealous of the attentions of Jack Hutchinson. After killing the woman at her home Fields placed his pistol to his breast as if to kill himself, but, being too much of a coward, he lowered the weapon and ran away.

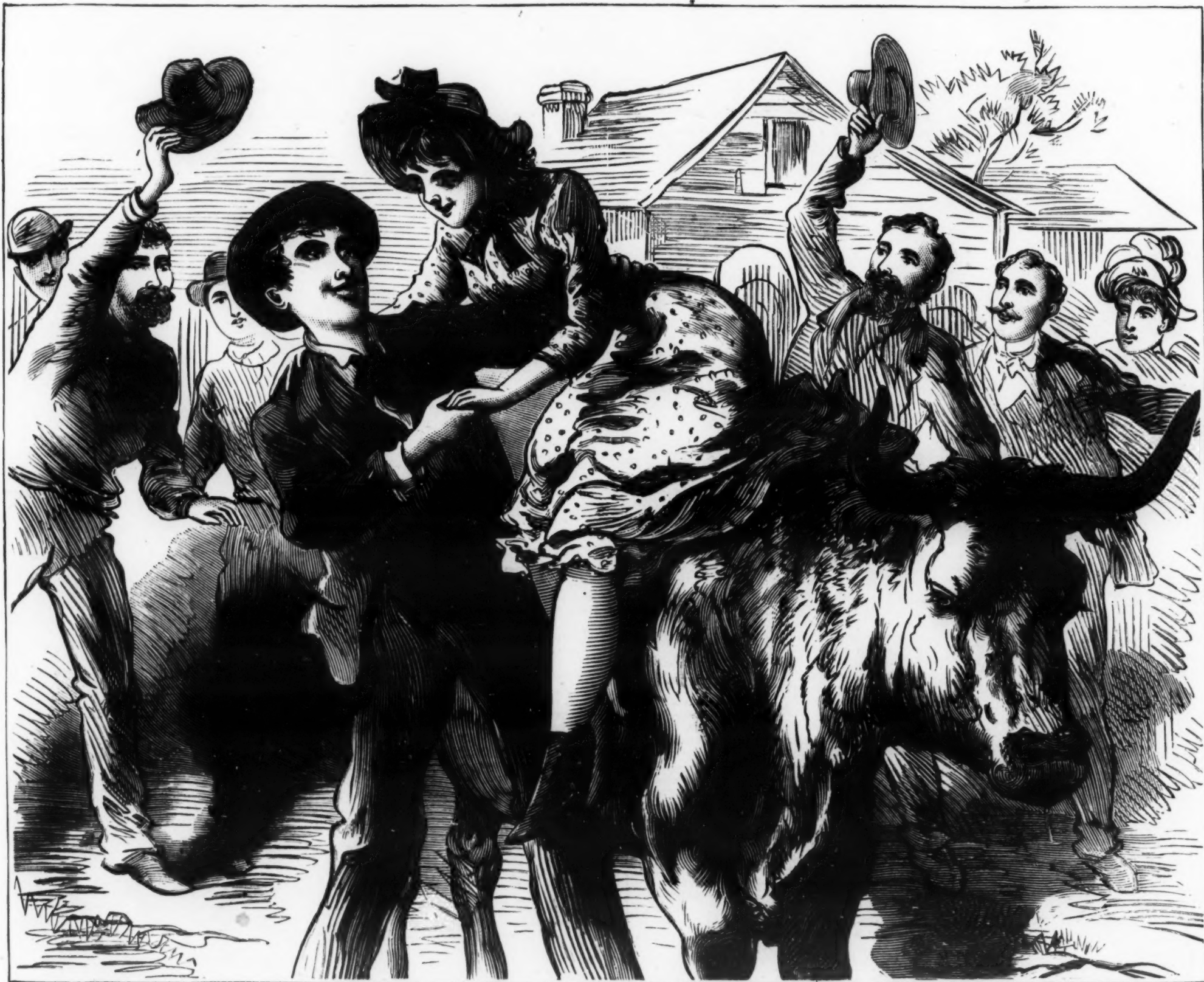
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GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVES. Our gloves have stood the test and we can therefore speak with authority on this subject. If you want the best, ours are the best. Send 2 cent stamp for Catalogue and Price Lists. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.



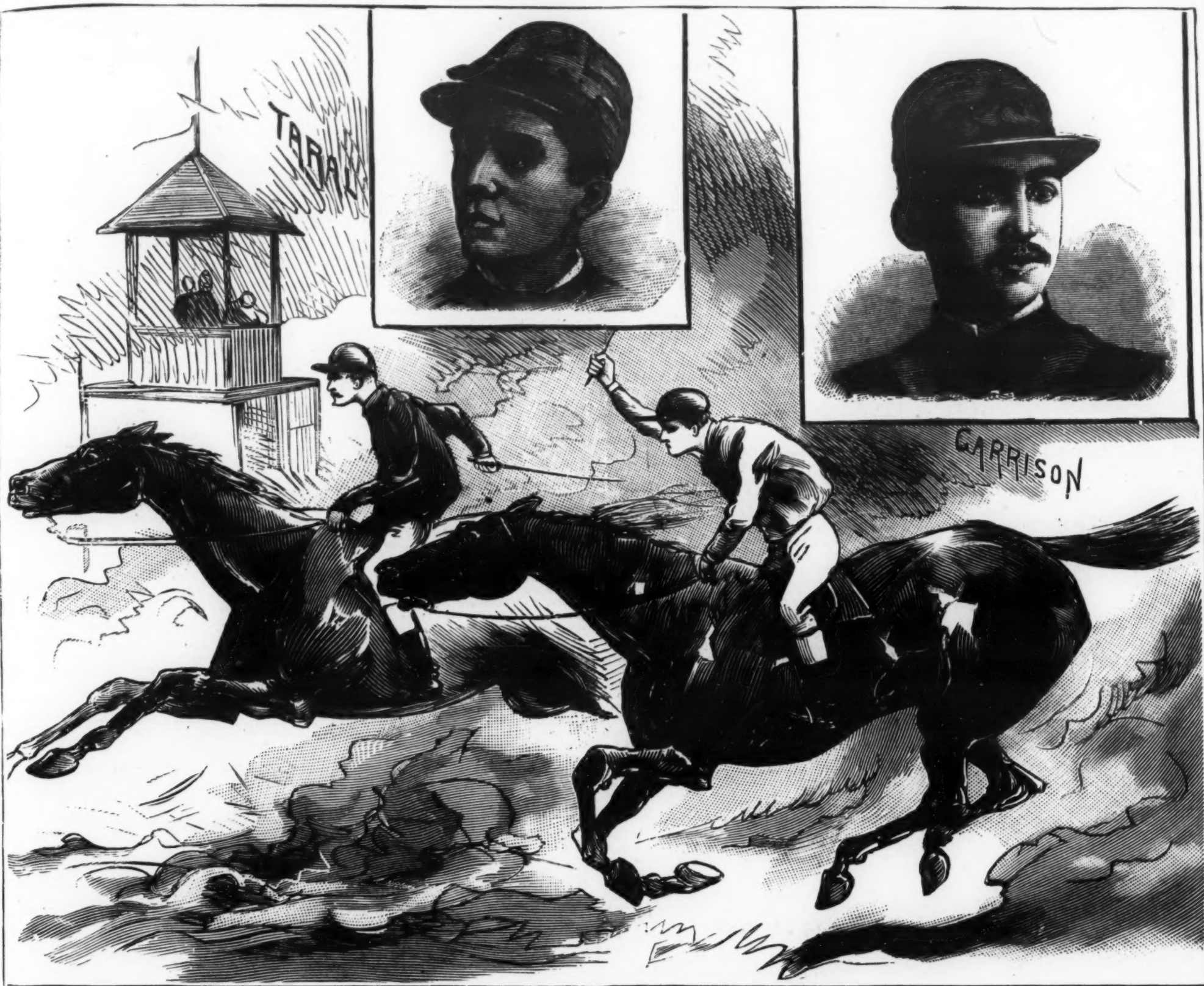
CLUBBED BY A WRONGED WIFE.

A KENTUCKY WIFE ADMINISTERS VERY SEVERE PUNISHMENT TO HER HUSBAND AND HIS PARAMOUR.



ELOPED ON A SPOTTED STEER.

HOW A LOVING WEST VIRGINIA COUPLE ESCAPED FROM AN OBDURATE FATHER AND WERE MARRIED.



MARCUS DALY'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD WINS.

JOCKEY E. H. GARRISON RIDES TAMMANY TO VICTORY, BEATING LAMPLIGHTER, AT GUTTENBERG, N. J.



KILLED BY COWARDLY ANARCHISTS.

MRS. REESE, OF CALAMITY, PA., LEARNED THEIR SECRETS, AND SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE SHOT.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

"A RULING PASSION,"

LATEST ISSUE OF

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

Complete List Upon Sale:

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Any of the above splendidly illustrated novels sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

The following cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Sept. 26, 1893.
RICHARD K. FOX—Thomas Sullivan, the champion oarsman of England and Australia, will row Edward Hanlan or Jake Gandar over the Thames championship course for £250 a side, "Police Gazette" championship challenge cup, and the championship of the world. The race to be rowed either in England or America.

Arthur Valentine will fight Stanton Abbott for the largest purse offered in America followed expenses.
Morgan Crowther expects to go to America to fight George Dixon or Johnny Van Heest, if Olympic Club, New Orleans, will allow expenses.

Kelly, the driver of Directum, believes he can drive the trotting wonder a mile in 2:03.

Johnny Reagan has refused to arrange a match with Tommy Ryan, owing to ill-health.

The limited round contest between Joe McAuliffe and Peter Maher has been set for Oct. 7.

Jimmy Scully, the Woonsocket welterweight, wants to fight Dick O'Brien at 140 or 145 pounds.

Arthur Upham, the Norwich pugilist, has quit the ring and is working at his trade in the West.

Arthur Upham, the Norwich pugilist, has retired from the ring and is working at his trade in the West.

Champion Bob Fitzsimmons is suing his wife for divorce. The pugilist's ex-manager is the co-respondent.

J. D. Adams, the American, did not win the recent Sheffield handicap, as his friends expected. He ran third.

Jim Hall has gained in flesh since he has been in England. He looks big enough to fight any man in the world.

The biggest odds on Dixon were \$1,000 to \$500, by Dave Gideon. Barney Michaels bet \$500 against \$2,000 on Smith.

James Smith, the famous trainer pedestrian and ex-champion 40-mile walker of America, is living at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

John Teemer is to be matched to row Edward Hanlan for \$1,000 a side. A syndicate of St. Joe sports will back Teemer.

Jerry Marshall, of San Francisco, while waiting answers from Eastern clubs, will accept a match with Dal Hawkins at Seattle.

Charley Mitchell has decided to go into training at Far Rockaway. Hugh Darrin will be his mentor, and Jim Hall may assist.

Zimmerman won his ninety-fifth first prize this year at Pittsburgh recently. He will ride till he makes it 100 and then quit for the season.

The Olympic Club officially announces that the fistic encounter arranged between Andy Bowen and Stanton Abbott will surely take place.

George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight, who was matched to fight Steve O'Donnell, the Australian, at the Coney Island Club, on Nov. 13, is doing some light work in preparation for the event.

The glove contest between Dan McKinnon, of Waltham, and Frank Crofton has been declared off by the Lafayette Athletic Club, of Boston.

Dooney Harris is still lingering, and it is only a matter of time when he will end his race of life. Harris was a great pugilist in his day; a capital trainer and a first-class second.

Martin Denny, the Australian light-weight, has been matched to fight Joe Lambert, of England, before the National Sporting Club, of England, next month, for a purse and a side bet.

Dick Carroll, of South Brooklyn, has received a commission to match a 25-pound dog against any fighting canine in America for \$500 a side. Any one posting a deposit at the POLICE GAZETTE can secure a match.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, had a close call recently from a serious injury. A team of horses he was driving became unmanageable, but the champion beyond a few slight scratches escaped unhurt.

Joe Choyinski is trying to get on a match with Bob Fitzsimmons. If he is not successful he says he will meet Ed Smith, and if he defeats Smith, as he expects he says it will wipe out the two defeats he received at the hands of Joe Goddard.

President Walbaum says that Lamplighter only owes him \$12,000; and he expects to win out with the horse before the snow flies. Walbaum and his friends won heavily on the horse when he captured the Oriental Handicap.

Frank Wango, the half-breed Indian pugilist, and Tom Broderick, met at Sisterville, W. Va., recently, and the floor of the barn on which they were fighting caved in. A panic followed in which several people were hurt. The fight was not finished.

Hugh Napier, the Australian, claims that his defeat was not owing to Johnny Van Heest's hard hitting or fighting abilities, but owing to the climate of New Orleans. Nearly every pugilist who is defeated in the Crescent City has the same excuse.

The benefit to the relief committee of the Trade and Labor Union will take place at Manhattan Field, New York, on Oct. 7. The affair is tendered by the New York Cycling Association. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in prizes will be offered.

Joe Goddard, the Australian heavy-weight, has returned to this country and is on his way to New York.

Goddard will, on his arrival in New York, post a forfeit of \$1,000 and issue a challenge to fight any man in the world, bar none, for \$5,000 a side and the largest purse offered.

Andy Sheehan, who was one of the Lew Baker-Morrissey-Yankoo Sullivan clique, believes Billy Finner can defeat Dixon at 114 pounds. Andy Sheehan might have been a good judge about thirty years ago, but his ideas of the new school of fighters and their abilities, are very ancient.

A special to the POLICE GAZETTE from Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 23, says: James Quinn, an amateur of nondescript, bested George Siddons, of New Orleans, in 4 rounds here to-night. It was to be a 10 round go, but Siddons, seeing that Quinn was in fine condition, refused to go on for more than four.

Michael J. Doyle, of Newark, N. J., posted \$500 and issued a challenge offering to match Johnny Van Heest, who recently defeated Hugh Napier in the Olympic Club, to fight Morgan Crowther or George Johnson, of England, for £250 a side and largest purse offered by the Olympic or Coney Island Athletic Clubs.

At the POLICE GAZETTE office Bob Fitzsimmons, on being informed that Jim Hall had arrived from England, said: "If any club puts up a reasonable purse I will fight Hall, and bet \$5,000 or \$10,000 on the result. Judge Newton told Hall that the Coney Island Athletic Club wouldn't give \$3 for the fight."

One need not go to Chicago to see the World's Fair. The Bancroft Publishing Co., of San Francisco, has published a book containing 250 beautiful illustrations of the most interesting exhibits and buildings. Among the illustrations is an artistic reproduction of the Richard K. Fox silver single-scutt championship cup.

Austin Gibbons thinks it is no use fighting when he can collect double the amount he daily invests on the race horses running at Clifton, Gutterburg and Gloucester. Austin is a pugilist when he knows a horse stands a chance, and his owner's money is going on. He is a big winner on the reason, both at piking and fighting.

At Crown Point, Ind., on Sept. 26, Sheriff Friedrich produced in court Dominick O'Malley, George Siler, Martin Costello and William Woods, having served twenty-one different warrants on them. They had previously been bound in the aggregate sum of \$73,000 Judge Gillett reduced the bonds to \$22,000 and made the date for trial Oct. 25.

John Teemer, the first oarsman in America to win the "Police Gazette" championship challenge cup, is again rowing in splendid form. On Sept. 23, at St. Louis, Teemer defeated Charles Stephenson, champion of New Zealand, over a three-mile and return course in 19:55. The race was for a purse of \$2,000 and was close and exciting up to the last quarter, where Teemer drew ahead and won by three lengths.

John Whitman, better known as Ajax, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 25 and said that neither Sandow, the athlete, now in this country, nor Sandow, now in England, ever defeated him in any contest. Whitman says: "My forte is lifting heavy weights with the teeth, and I am willing to meet any man in the world for any amount of money. Sandow, Kennedy, Drago or any man in America for \$500 a side."

A special dispatch to the POLICE GAZETTE from Montreal says: Phil Charron, of Boston, and George Glover, of Birmingham, who are shortly to meet Jimmy Clark and Jack Kehoe in the fistic arena, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse, are undergoing a scientific system of training at the hands of Prof. Dubeau of Montreal. Their training quarters are located at the well-known sporting house of Tommy Boyle.

Jim Hall, the Australian heavy-weight, whom Bob Fitzsimmons vanquished in four rounds for a purse of \$5,000, at New Orleans, was a passenger on the steamer Paris, which arrived here from Southampton, England, on Sept. 22. He looked bigger than when he was here before, and said he never felt better. He is anxious to have another go at Bob Fitzsimmons. He will remain here for several days and will then go to Chicago.

James W. Kennedy, the champion strong man, is rehearsing the new drama of which he is the author, and in which he will star during the coming season. It is entitled "The Man of Iron." Kennedy will play the hero, and during each performance perform wonderful feats of strength, forming a human bridge across a chasm, over which the heroine rides a horse. He will also lift the "Police Gazette" 1,300 pound dumbbell every other night.

Henry Schmehl, the long distance walker of Chicago, called for Europe on the Rhine. Schmehl intends to go direct to Paris from Southampton. He hopes to be able to arrange a match with Grandin, the French pedestrian, whom he tried in vain to have walk him a match in Chicago recently. Schmehl says he will consent to almost any arrangement in order to meet the Frenchman, whom he thinks he can easily defeat. Any stake from 1,000 francs up will suit the Chicago man.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 26, 1893.
It being rumored that Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell will not be allowed to decide their contest for the championship of the world in the Coney Island Club, the Olympic Club, of this city, will still stand by its offer of a purse of \$25,000. The amount offered is the same the Olympic Club paid Corbett and John L. Sullivan.

To aid the fund of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which comprises members of the New York Police Department, it has been decided to hold a series of athletic games, in connection with a picnic and outing, at Lion Park on Thursday, Oct. 6. The Police Department has enrolled the names of many veteran athletes who acquired fame on the cinder path before they joined "the fleet," and these men will endeavor to show that time and the arduous duty of preserving the public peace has not militated against their abilities to run fast and handle the weights with grace and celerity.

The New York Jockey Club opened its gates for its fall meeting on Sept. 23 under favorable auspices. Since the spring meeting at Morris Park the electric railway accommodations have been improved until now they are first-class, and passengers can, on the payment of a ten-cent fare, be whirled from 195th street to the back of the grand stand in less than twenty minutes. James Tillepique, the popular manager of the club house, gave a clamor the other afternoon under the supervision of Capt. W. E. Babcock, and the electric railroad was voted a success. Of course the bako was beyond reproach, and not the least pleasing feature was the music furnished by the Roman Catholic Protective band, the boys playing with a great deal of feeling and spirit. About 300 persons enjoyed the bako, which was uncovered at 3:30 o'clock.

The following special was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 25
The Olympic Club, of this city, are making preparations for their next battle, which will be between Jimmy Gorman, of Pasalic, N. J., and Jack Levy, of New York, the 100-pound champion of America. The contest is to be decided on Oct. 17, and the men are to fight at 100 pounds, give or take 2 pounds, for a purse of \$1,000, of which \$700 goes to the winner. The Olympic Club have received word from their Eastern representative that both men are training, and will leave for this city on Oct. 10. It is the intention of the club to offer a purse for Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons to battle for when the rivals are ready to fight. Should the Mitchell and Corbett contest be prevented at the Coney Island Club the Olympic Club's offer of a \$25,000 purse will still stand good. The Olympic Club has increased its membership and it has big financial backing.

Charles Mitchell, Champion of England.

His record in the ring, with portrait of Mitchell. Also contains portraits and records of all the English champions from Tom Figg, first champion, down to the present day. Price 25 cents by mail. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL SIGN.

They Agree To Battle In the Coney Island Athletic Club.

THE SIDE BET WITHDRAWN.

Charley Mitchell, England's recognized champion heavy-weight pugilist, recently attached his name to articles of agreement, presented by Judge Newton, binding himself thereby to fight James J. Corbett, America's champion, before the Coney Island Athletic Club.

The exact date of the fistic battle is as yet uncertain, but will in all probability be December 18. According to the clause in the agreement, the battle is to take place some time between Dec. 5 and Dec. 20; Dec. 18 being preferred, and to be the date if Corbett so determines.

The place of meeting decided on by Mitchell and Judge Newton, to complete the arrangements for the fight with Corbett was the Hoffman House.

Newton met Mitchell in the Hoffman House and read the articles to him. There were several clauses Mitchell objected to, principally that permitting a referee in the ring during the progress of the battle. He claimed that he wanted to go into the ring and did not want a referee there to be pulling him away from Corbett and thus prevent good, honest fighting. He said: "I expect to be a bit rude when I meet Corbett, and I know he won't treat me like a brother. Fights in England are refereed from outside the ring, and I don't see why they could not be judged the same way here."

He was informed that it was the custom of the Coney Island Club to have the referee inside the ropes when a prize fight is being fought, and that it would be contrary to its principles to have it otherwise.

"Oh, well," said Mitchell, "I suppose it's all right. I will waive all objections and sign the articles."

To the surprise of Mitchell, the Coney Island magistrate match-maker announced that he objected to a certain clause in the agreement and wanted it stricken out. The objectionable clause read as follows:

It is distinctly understood that all of the conditions agreed to by the two principals in an instrument signed during the month of February, 1893, shall hold good in this agreement.

This referred to the \$20,000 stake money now in the possession of the stakeholder, Dave Blanchard, of Boston, and Mitchell refused to accept Newton's proposition. The matchmaker then pointed out to Mitchell that the retention of that clause in the articles would establish the fact beyond a doubt that a brutal prize fight was going to be decided.

Mitchell then agreed that after all it would be wise to have it eliminated from the agreement, and it was accordingly scratched.

Mitchell then insisted that Corbett attach his name to the agreement in preference to any other person, so that in case of any other subsequent trouble, he would not have to stand the brunt of it alone. This condition was acceded to, even by Mr. Brady, Corbett's manager, who intended to sign the articles, waiving his right.

When this condition had been assented to, Mitchell made no further protest, but signed his name to the articles as they stood. These papers, which bind the two greatest gladiators of the day to a battle, are as follows:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Articles of Agreement made and entered into this 23rd day of September, 1893, by James J. Corbett, heavy-weight champion of the world, of San Francisco, Cal., and Charley Mitchell, champion of England, of London, Eng., for a scientific glove contest of twenty rounds or more for a purse of forty thousand dollars (\$40,000), said contest to take place before the Coney Island Athletic Club, New York, on a day to be hereinafter mutually agreed upon, between the 5th day of December and the 20th day of December, 1893, under conditions hereinafter cited and mutually agreed upon.

The contest shall be contested strictly under the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry, which are to be followed by the official referee in every instance and particular, the winner to receive the full purse of forty thousand dollars (\$40,000) without reservation. The gloves shall be of a size as ready agreed upon by the principals hereto, but of not less weight than five ounces.

The club shall name a referee and official timekeeper, the principals reserving the right to secure one timekeeper each. Should at any time the contest become brutal or inhuman the referee shall have the power to stop the same and give decision to the man who has the best of the same up to that point.

The club herewith agrees to post with any responsible man the men may name, to be eventually agreed upon, the sum of ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars, same to be divided, share and share alike, in the event of the failure of the club to carry out its contract.

The principals hereto agree to post for the club with any responsible man the sum of five thousand (\$5,000) each, to insure the appearance of the men in the ring when called for, the same to stand as forfeit in equal shares to the club and the men in case of default of one or the other of the principals.

In case either of the three principals to this contract shall default they agree to forfeit all moneys put up without recourse to law in any manner, shape or form, and it is understood and agreed by and between the parties hereto that the said Corbett and Mitchell, or either of them, shall not engage in any similar contest, with or without gloves, with any person before any other club until after their contest before said Coney Island Athletic Club, or forfeit the sum of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars.

CHARLES MITCHELL.
JOHN W. MURPHY.

(Pres. Coney Island Athletic Club.)

It was decided that the side bet of \$10,000 which had been posted by each man should be withdrawn, as the Coney Island Athletic Club stipulates that all their fights shall be purse affairs with no stakes. This money will be deposited by each contestant as a guarantee of good faith, and that he will be in the ring the night of the fight. It may be decided at subsequent meetings to make the \$20,000 a portion of the money involved in the outcome of the fight.

By the elimination of the clause noted above from the articles of agreement, a new order of things is inaugurated, and the contract ceases to be a personal one between the two men to meet and battle to a finish; but on the other hand, each, irrespective of the other, binds himself to fight for the club, at such a date and for such emolument as agreed.

Mitchell refrained from talking about the fight. When asked where he would train he said he was going down to Luckaway to look over the ground, and that he would very probably train there. Mitchell says that he is in no hurry to get to work, as there are three long months before the battle occurs, and he feels confident that six weeks will be sufficient time in which to get in fighting trim.

When the articles were submitted to champion Jim Corbett, he promptly signed them.

The Olympic Club, of New Orleans, have their doubts about Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell boxing in the Coney Island Athletic Club, as will be seen by the following letters sent from the POLICE GAZETTE office to Corbett and Mitchell on behalf of the Olympic Club.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1893.

MR. JAMES CORBETT, Dear Sir:—On behalf of the Contest Committee of the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, La., I am authorized to say that should anything intervene whereby it would be impossible for the Coney Island Athletic Club to bring off the contest between you and Charley Mitchell, that the Olympic Club will renew the offer made to you at the time of your fight with John L. Sullivan, i. e., to put up a purse of \$25,000 for the fight.

Trusting you will reply so that I can send your ultimatum.

together with Mitchell's, which I expect momentarily, to the Olympic Club, I remain, yours ever.

Signed, RICHARD K. FOX.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1893.
MR. CHARLES MITCHELL—Dear Sir:—On behalf of the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, La., I have been notified by the Contest Committee of the above club to ask you, if anything should intervene whereby it would be impossible for the Coney Island Athletic Club to bring off the contest between James Corbett and yourself, whether you will accept a purse of \$25,000 and side with Corbett to decide the contest under the auspices of the Olympic Club, in New Orleans, in December or January.

Trusting that you will reply so that I can send your ultimatum, together with Corbett's, to the Olympic Club at once, I remain yours truly.

(Signed) RICHARD K. FOX.

Herr Holtum, the cannon ball catcher is after Bob Fitzsimmons, the middleweight champion, with a sharp stick. It appears Fitzsimmons witnessed Holtum's wonderful feats of catching cannon balls fired from a cannon at Huber's Museum in Fourteenth street, and passed a remark that he could accomplish the feat of catching the 32 pound cannon ball when it is fired from the cannon, and bet \$500 he could do so. Holtum was informed of Fitzsimmons's offer, and he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following:

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Bob Fitzsimmons is, no doubt, the champion pugilist at his weight, but he is not the champion cannon-ball catcher, at least my money says so. Fitzsimmons attended one of my exhibitions at Huber's Museum, and soon probed my performance and said he would bet \$500 that he could catch the cannon ball. It is bad taste to run down any one's business, therefore I want to call Fitzsimmons down. I will bet \$500 or \$1,000 Bob Fitzsimmons cannot accomplish my feat, and I am ready to make a match for \$1,000 a side any time Fitzsimmons is ready. I have posted \$100 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and stand ready to make a match with Fitzsimmons or any man in the world. Money talks. HERR HOLTUM.
Champion Cannon Ball Catcher of the World.

GEORGE DIXON CHALLENGED.

The following challenge was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week from Charles T. Mack, the backer of Ed Simpson, the colored feather-weight champion of the West, who wants to match Simpson to meet George Dixon the feather-weight champion of the world, or any 114 pound pugilist in America:

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 27, 1893.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Will you kindly give space in your paper to the following challenge: There are \$50 in the hands of Harry Weldon, the sporting editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, on behalf of Ed Simpson, the 114 pound bantam of the Middle States, to bind a match with George Dixon or any man in the world at a stone 2 pound for a suitable purse and stake before any reputable athletic club, either to a finish according to "Police Gazette" rules or a limited number of rounds. Simpson has won 24 finished arguments both in this country and England, his most notable English victory being the defeat of Tom Johnston in three rounds. Every sporting man that has seen Simpson work, pronounces him the coming champion.

CHAR. T. MACK, Manager for Simpson.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

I hereby challenge Michael McEntee, who, under his photograph in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, is styled the champion of the Police Department, to a race, either for style and execution or a test of speed, for \$50 a side, any style bicycle.

JOHN J. MORRIS, Broadway Square.

P. S.—The same is open to Alexander Maine, Twenty-seventh Precinct.

Johnny Collins, of Bessemer, Ala., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will fight McCarthy, of Memphis, in Clay City, in place of Kid Lloyd.

Pike Johnson, the pugilist, who resides in Duluth, Wis., writes that George Lavigne never defeated him, as he claims, and that he will fight Lavigne for \$500 a side, according to "Police Gazette" rules with or without gloves. Johnson says that Ole Olsson, of New Farlor Theatre, Duluth, will guarantee a \$500 purse, and that he will bet him \$250 on the side.

There were 10,000 people present at the bicycle races held at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 15, to see two world records broken. Tyler made a half mile in the second heat of the handicap in 1:50 2/3, beating his own record of 1:51 2/3 made at Hartford on Sept. 5, and Sanger won the two mile handicap in 4:21 2/3, beating Johnson's record of 4:47 2/3 made at Pittsfield on June 24. The great race of the day, the mile international record, was won by H. C. Tyler, after the most exciting bicycle contest ever seen on the track. Windle made a pretty race for a place with the leaders, and pushed Sanger closely to the homestretch, where the race seemed to be between the latter and Zimmerman. The two came down the stretch almost side by side, with Sanger a few feet ahead until about a rod from the tape, when Tyler made a magnificent spurt and finished first.

Tom McInerney, of Cincinnati, O., the famous catch-as-catch-can wrestler, writes from Liverpool, England, to the POLICE GAZETTE, as follows: "I have at last buckled down to business and bearded the lion in his den by coming over here to England and challenging Tom Cannon, right on his own dunghill, and we are now matched to wrestle for \$500 a side, money down, and the championship of England and Ireland. I am in good condition and on the occasion of my next visit to the States, which will be about Nov. 1, I intend to give a good account of myself."

Steve O'Donnell, the Australian heavy-weight pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week with his backer, Mike Haley, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Having read that Joe Goddard, Joe Choyinski, Aleck Gregrains and other heavy-weights, are eager to enter the arena and battle for money and fame, I wish to state I came to this country to meet any boxer in the business. I have only succeeded in securing one match, although I have been ready to meet all comers. Now I will arrange a match through my backer and manager, Mike Haley, to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the largest purse offered by any club, and will be ready to enter the ring six weeks from signing articles. To show I mean business my backer has posted \$250 with a responsible party for any of the heavy-weights, who mean to fight and not continually advertise themselves, to cover. Trusting Choyinski, Hall, etc., will come to the front, I remain, yours, STEVE O'DONNELL.

Recently at Wilmington, Del., the glove fight between Jack Dally and Frank Boen attracted about 700 spectators to the Warren Athletic Club House. Dally won easily, and will fight Chic Lucas, of Philadelphia, in three weeks. Willard Meigs got the decision over Ben Lefever in four rounds.

The order of the stakes opened by the New York Jockey Club, to be run at Morris Park during the Autumn meeting, are as follows:

Date.	Name of Stake.	Age	Aided	Dis-
Friday, Oct. 6.	Wms Bridge Handicap	3	1,250	11-10m
Saturday, Oct. 7.	Champerne	2	1,500	7 f
Saturday, Oct. 7.	Wakefield Handicap	2	1,250	11-10m
Monday, Oct. 9.	Walsingham	2	1,500	6 f
Tuesday, Oct. 10.	Mount Vernon	2	1,500	6 f
Tuesday, Oct. 10.	Bronxville Handicap	2	1,250	1 m
Wednesday, Oct. 11.	Unionport Handicap	2	1,250	11-8 m
Thursday, Oct. 13.	White Plains Handicap	2	2,000	6 f
Thursday, Oct. 13.	County Ch. Handicap	2	1,500	11-8 m
Friday, Oct. 14.	Nursery	2	1,500	6 f
Saturday, Oct. 14.	Jerome Handicap	2	2,000	11-4 m

H. G. CRICKMORE Secretary.

If Mr. Jim Barry, of New York, wishes to arrange a match to fight ten rounds, or to a finish, for \$250 a side and a suitable purse offered by any club, I will meet him any time he desires. LEO FARDELLI, Champion of Italy.

Corbett and Mitchell in Prize Ring Costume, handsome cabinet photograph, and any other pugilist, actor and actress you want. Price, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

DIXON'S LATEST VICTORY.

How the Featherweight Champion Conquered Solly Smith.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIGHTERS.

Again George Dixon, the featherweight champion of the world, has demonstrated that he is the greatest boxer ever put on a pair of fighting shoes or donned a boxing glove. He easily defeated Solly Smith, the featherweight champion of the Pacific Slope, a pugilist who had, previous to his meeting the colored phenomenon, figured in thirteen well-contested battles in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring, supporting such famous exponents of the manly art as De Witt, Johnny Van Heest and John T. Griffin. It was expected that the Pacific Coast champion, owing to his drawn battle with George Siddons and his victory over Johnny Griffin, would prove a thorn in Dixon's side, and for once in Dixon's victorious prize ring career defeat him and take the "Police Gazette" championship belt, which Dixon holds, from his grasp; but those who supposed Smith would prove Dixon's Waterloo, reckoned without reason by overlooking the Pacific Coast champion's fighting abilities and underrating Dixon's many victories.

Smith proved he was clever and could hit hard, but in prize ring encounters hitting a clever opponent is not like hitting a punching machine, for the clever boxer does not stand to be hit while the punching machine is stationary. Probably if Smith had landed his terrific right-hand blow on Dixon's jugular it might have somewhat changed Dixon's aggressive fighting tactics, but the featherweight champion is averse to being hit, and like the rubber ball the boxer practices with to make them quick, Dixon was not there when Smith tried to land the auctioneer, he being too nimble and too quick on his feet to allow Smith to land blows which he and his friends supposed would win the battle.

The battle, with the exception of one round, the sixth, was decidedly in Dixon's favor, and few who knew Dixon's fighting qualities, his science, generalship, etc., ever expected that a boxer of Smith's form could defeat him. Dixon, by defeating Smith, has removed the smirch cast on his record by his contest with Billy Plimmer, and proved beyond contradiction that it is very doubtful if there is a pugilist in either hemisphere able to defeat him.

Ever since Dixon came prominently before the public as a champion, I have always maintained he would never meet with defeat in a regular contest for the featherweight championship. Only once during the colored phenomenon's fighting career did I expect he would receive a check, and that was when he went to England to meet Nunc Wallace. Dixon defeated him, but outside of his protracted battle with Cal McCarthy, the featherweight champion of England gave him a rub for the purse, and proved the most formidable opponent he ever met. Dixon is a phenomenon, and probably with the exception of Peter Morris, a featherweight champion of England, who flourished in the sixties and was never defeated, the greatest pugilist of his weight we have known. Morris was only a 115-pound pugilist. He won six straight battles and his last contest ended in a draw, George Holden being his opponent. Dixon holds the "Police Gazette" featherweight championship belt, and he has won it twice in succession. Should he win it again it will become his own property.

A \$10,000 purse was involved in the outcome of the battle, and possession of it was acquired only after seven rounds of very ferocious fighting. At no time during the battle did the Californian have the better of it, although he made a game fight. Dixon proved he was his master at long range and at infighting, and he repeatedly felled his man by terrific right-hand punches. Dixon confined his left hand blows mainly to the body, and he drove them into the pit of Smith's stomach with terrific force. Solly never fully recovered from the blow he received in the first round that sent him to the floor. He made a most creditable showing and was game to the last, but he met a man cleverer, stronger and shiffter on his feet than he was, and he was only forced to give up when nature gave way. Nearly eight thousand people saw the contest, and it was the largest assemblage that ever witnessed a battle in the club's arena. The Boston and down East contingent was with Dixon to a man. They bet a ton of money at odds of 2 to 5, but the Smith people were slow in producing their wealth. The Western contingent came in with barrels of money, it was said, to place on Smith, but they were waiting until a few rounds had been sparred, so as to see how their pet showed up.

Solly Smith was born in Los Angeles, Cal., twenty-three years ago, his father being an Ohion of German parentage and his mother a Mexican. He is 5 feet 3 inches in height, and Dixon is but half an inch taller. Smith drove a chore wagon in Los Angeles, and the handling of horses and outdoor life developed him into an unusually sturdy lad. He had one or two fights in lower California and then he was taken to San Francisco and introduced as an unknown. Smith has fought fourteen finish affairs, of which two were declared draws—once of 25 rounds with Kid Hogan, of California, and 46 rounds with George Siddons, the premier boxer of draws on the earth.

Jim Hall has once more landed on these shores. He met a royal welcome from the sporting fraternity, owing to the fact that he was well liked by the masses of sporting men. Hall had no sooner lost his sea legs than Aleck Greggains challenged him to fight for the largest purse. Hall was notified of Greggains' offer and agreed to meet the "Frisco champion" in any club offering the largest purse. Bob Fitzsimmons also, I understand, has thrown out a rope to Hall and signified his willingness to again meet him in battle array for the largest purse offered.

George Buebar, the champion of England with the ear made a poor show over the traditional Thames course in the recent single scull race for £400 and the single-scull championship of England. Sullivan beat Buebar out of sight and nearly demonstrated that, outside of James Stansbury, he is the fastest oarsman in the world.

Dick Burge, for the second time during his prize ring career, has arrived on these shores. He comes to fight Jack Dempsey for the largest purse the Coney Island or the Olympic Club will offer. Should the fight be arranged it will create great interest and there will be heavy betting on the result, for many will back Burge from the fact that it is the general impression that Dempsey's fighting days are over.

The next great athletic event in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, will be the contest between Jack Levy, of New York, and Jimmy Gorman, of Paterson, N. J. The men are to fight for a purse of \$1,000, of which \$700 goes to the winner. They are to fight at 105 pounds, for the championship at that weight, on Oct. 17. Both are first-class men at their weight and the battle will be a desperate one while it lasts. Levy has proved himself to be a first-class boxer, and it is doubtful if there is a man at his weight able to defeat him.

The most successful bicycle meet, both from a financial and a racing standpoint, that has ever been held in Philadelphia, was the International Tournament on the Tioza track on Sept. 23. It was under the auspices of Associated Cycling Clubs, and the attendance is estimated at 2,000. Zimmerman has not fully recovered from the effects of his recent

accident at Baltimore, and he only started in one event—the two-mile handicap. He won easily, although conceding handicaps were as large as 300 yards. The prettiest race of the day was the one-mile international championship race. G. A. Sanker, of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club gained a lead of 75 yards on the field, and looked like a sure winner, but by terrific spurts Windle, Sanger and Darnberger caught him, and a terrific pace was set for the finish. Windle and Sanger came down the course abreast and crossed the line so closely that the judges hesitated before announcing their decision. Finally it was given out that Windle had won by six inches. The time, 2:18 2-5, is the fastest by five seconds that has ever been made in competition on the track. The one-third mile international championship was an exciting race and was captured by H. O. Trier, Springfield Bicycle Club, by a very narrow margin from M. F. Darnberger, Press C. Club, Buffalo. In a preliminary heat of one mile, 2:50 class, J. Lindley, Mercer County Wheelmen, N. J., was thrown to the ground by his wheel breaking, and received a concussion of the brain. He was taken to the Samaritan Hospital.

Bob Fitzsimmons is credited with being a pretty level-headed fellow. When he came here from Australia it was in the most simple unassuming way. He went about the task of fighting himself into the championship in a quiet way that he had reached the goal of his ambition almost before people began to ask questions about the man who had the temerity to face our own Nonpareil in a game of athletics. The lanky New Zealander never found it necessary to air himself in newspaper interviews. When he found the man he wanted to fight he went right at him with an offer to meet and negotiate. This saved time, an exchange of flippantly worded cards and much ill-feeling and prejudice. After he fought and won he got into his little hole and pulled the hole in after him, said nothing and was content to get his bit and leave it to the other fellow to explain how it happened.

Taking all these things into consideration, was it any wonder that the eyes of the sporting fraternity opened wide with astonishment when Lanky Bob came out with a brush offer to take Mitchell's place and give champion Corbett a turn-up for the \$40,000 purse which Judge Newton offered, and bet Pompadour Jimmy \$25,000 more on the outside.

By making such a break as that, Fitz virtually admits that he is in the heavy-weight division, and that by keeping a shade within the middle-weight limit he is keeping many a good man from trying for the title. Bob's position is a perfectly tenable one, but the physical advantages he holds over men who rightfully belong in that class are such that he can pass as a middle-weight champion just as long as he chooses to, for the reason that no real middle-weight will accept the odds that must be involved.

Fitzsimmons is what pugilistic experts call a light heavy-weight. He has the good fortune to have a big frame upon which is hung not an ounce of superfluous flesh. He can train to make weight and be heavier, or he can train to almost a skeleton, which enables him to get within the middle-weight limit. It would be much more to his credit if he went into the class where he belongs and fought men like Joe Choynick. The latter, I fancy, could keep him busy, and the result might demonstrate to Bob's mind the futility of aiming at such a high mark as Corbett. The latter has grown to be quite as big as Sullivan was in the halcyon days before the "old grope" began to get in its fine work.

REFREREE.

DIRECTUM TRIES BUT FAILS.

Twenty-five thousand people assembled at St. Joe, Mo., on September 23, to see the peerless Directum attempt to lower the world's stallion record of 2:04 1/4. The track was heavy and a strong wind interfered. When Kelly added for the world the great horse shot to the quarter in 25 1/2 seconds. Then Kelly let out a peg and he flashed past the half in one minute 3 seconds. An encouraging push sent him flying past the three-quarters flag in 1:35, and then the struggle down the muddy homestretch came. The flyer covered the distance with remarkable rapidity and shot under the wire in 2:04 1/4, the crowd cheering him to the echo. Kelly says there is no doubt had the track been in good shape the 2:04 mark would have been reached. Flying Jib made another effort against the world's pacing record of 2:04, but owing to the heavy track 2:08 was the best he could do.

PASSAIC BOAT CLUB REGATTA.

The Passaic Boat Club regatta was held at Passaic, N. J., on Sept. 3. The following is a summary of the races, which were not timed:

Single Sculls.—M. Summers (5 seconds) won; F. Galsel (scratch) second; F. Norris (30 seconds) third.

Single Gigs.—J. Greenhalgh won; J. Gott second.

Double Sculls.—M. Summers and E. McCoy won; J. Greenhalgh and F. Galsel second.

Four-oared Gigs.—Won by a crew composed of A. Hedges, Jr.; E. Gale, D. Fell, F. Galsel, stroke, and Harry Dunn, coxswain, by four lengths.

Eight-oared Shell.—Won by a crew composed of R. Valentine, G. Huff, W. Vanderveer, E. Gale, J. Greenhalgh, G. Bird, J. Gott, E. McCoy, stroke, F. T. Heath, coxswain.

ISINGLASS DEFEATED.

Isinglass, the famous English Derby winner, met with his first defeat at Manchester, England, on September 23. It was in the one mile race for the Lancashire Plate. Isinglass scared all but Reburn, La Fleche and Lady Caroline away. The ten pound penalty, however, which he had to shoulder proved too much for him, and though he was an odds on favorite, he could do no better than finish second to Reburn, who has been chasing him home in the "classic" events. Isinglass, attended by La Fleche, made the running until a quarter of a mile from home, when La Fleche was beaten. Reburn then challenged Isinglass, and weight telling the first named won in clever style by a length. La Fleche was third, half a length away. The summary:

The Lancashire Plate of 4,000 sovs., for all ages; two-year olds, 7 at; three, 9 at 1 lb.; four and upward, 9 at 10 lbs.; penalties and allowances; one mile.

Duke of Portland's b. c. Reburn, 3, by St. Simon—Mowbray, 127 lbs.

H. McCalmont's b. c. Isinglass, 3, Isomony—Headlock, 127 lbs.

Barnes de Bireche's b. c. La Fleche, 4, by St. Simon—Quiver, 143 lbs.

Lady Caroline, 123 lbs. F. Webb, also ran.

Betting.—11 to 1 on Isinglass; 5 to 4 against La Fleche; 4 1/2 to 1, Reburn; 25 to 1 on Lady Caroline.

The Sporting Life, London, Eng., recently published the following: "Jack Knifton called at the Sporting Life office yesterday in conjunction with John Marx and requested us to state that he will stake £200 to £200 that John Marx will complete against Sandow singly, and jointly with Jack Knifton against Hercules and Sanson, and stake even money in the latter case; feat against feat. Marx also challenges James W. Kennedy, the winner of the Richard K. Fox 1,200-pound dumbbell championship to meet him feat for feat, including the dumbbell, and wagers 1,000 dollars on the result, the loser to take nothing out of the gate money. Knifton, in addition, will box any strong man in the world for £500 a side on the same night on similar conditions."

The two days' cricket match between the Philadelphia and New York elevens ended at Philadelphia in a victory for the local team by an inning and 35 runs. Philadelphia scored 247 runs in its innings and continued at bat up to the close of the game. Their score was: First Innings, 121; second Innings, 110—total, 231. The top scores for Philadelphia were Bolen, 61; Wood, 45. For New York Cregar made 31 and Tiers 23 in the first Innings, and the same men led in the second Innings with 23 and 17 respectively.

"Daddy of Them All." Dixon, the Great—featherweight boxer that ever lived. Read his wonderful record, published in the "Lives of the Great Champions." Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

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CHAMPION-Tan or Brown Kid.

Two, Four, Five, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$7.50.

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Made from the best quality Kid and stuffed with the finest grade of curled hair. Every glove absolutely perfect. No gloves sent C. O. D. Cash must accompany all orders. Address

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Franklin Square, - - New York.

BARBER, Dover, N. J.—No.

W. J. Harrisburg, Pa.—No.

C. A. S., New York.—A can claim out.

BEN—Yes. Apply to your chemist.

A. S. J., Chicago, Ill.—There is no record.

F. S. G., New York.—We mailed you reply.

D. D. & M. H. 7 & 9 York.—\$93 and the boots.

W. E. Milwaukee, Wis.—It is estimated 500,000.

J. H. E., Walla Walla, Wash.—James Fisk was shot on Jan. 6, 1872.

T. G., Aldershot, Eng.—Send \$1.50 and we will send you the book.

W. S., Cleveland, O.—George Dixon never fought John T. Griffin.

E. G., Manistee, Mich.—Neither wins, there having been no contest.

W. C. G., Quincy, Ill.—Certainly he is liable to be disqualified.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—Andrew Marsden died in England on July 21, 1892.

F. G. Y., Riverhead, N. Y.—Send 50 cents and we will mail you the rules.

C. J. J., Laurens, S. C.—We have his record complete, but not in book form.

N. L. G., San Bernardino, Cal.—We do not know the owner of the dog you refer to.

M. L., Orange, N. J.—Dan Dwyer first belonged to Boston, lately New York city.

S. O., Providence, R. I.—We do not know how wealthy the party you mention is.

M. F., Halifax, N. S.—Jim Corbett was born on Sept. 1, 1866, in San Francisco, Cal.

F. W., Baltimore, Md.—If you send on a deposit your challenge will be accepted.

J. R., Paterson, N. J.—It is a matter of opinion, we could not decide on the subject.

B. F. N., Reading, Pa.—Address Kelly & Bliss, West Twenty-eighth street, New York.

G. A. K., Shamokin, Pa.—How could you lose when neither side lost. Neither side wins.

G. E. H., Waterbury, Ct.—We have no statistics in regard to the attendance at the World's Fair.

R. W., Camden, N. J.—Charles Mitchell was born in Birmingham, England, on Nov. 24, 1861.

J. B., Montreal.—As it was a pond and not a swamp, the pool is off, each must get their money back.

R. W., Latonia, Ky.—L. Billy Meyer was born at Streator, Ill., on Feb. 23, 1866. Jack McCalliffe.

J. H., Macomb, Ill.—Send on a forfeit and we will give your challenge publicly in the POLICE GAZETTE.

C. M. D., Clinton, Ia.—We have no catalogue, but if you send us \$5 we will mail you the books you require.

F. B. D., Fire Creek, W. Va.—By constant training he might succeed in running 100 yards in 10 seconds.

R. M. D., Danville, Tenn.—The best single standing jump is 14 feet 6 1/2 inches, made by George W. Hamilton.

J. E. R., Moscow, Mich.—If you will give us the correct names and initials of the pugilists we will answer you.

M. W. F., Mt. Clemens, Mich.—Back number Budd can supply you. A letter addressed to the POLICE GAZETTE will reach him.

R. J., Boston, Mass.—Frank P. Slavin and Joe McCalliffe fought for a purse when they met in the Ormonde Club, London, Eng.

J. A. S., Memphis, Tenn.—A can take up the tramp and say he will play it alone. His partner must then throw down his hand.

J. A. G., Pittsburg, Pa.—We have no official record of the boxer you mention. He has never engaged in any important fights.

H. H. F., Syracuse, N. Y.—Peter Jackson defeated Jim Smith in the Pelican Club, London, England, in two rounds, by a foul.

C. W. F., Weston, W. Va.—John L. Sullivan was knocked down by Charley Mitchell in a 4-round game contest in New York city.

A. W. B., San Carlos, A. T.—The best standing jump with weights is 14 feet 6 1/2 inches, made by George W. Hamilton in Romeo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1885.

H. M. B., Rice Lake.—The fastest time on record for running one mile by a pedestrian is 4 minutes 12 1/2 seconds, made in England by W. G. George.

J. MCC, Mt. Morris, N. Y.—We cannot give you any better information than telling you to send 25 cents to this office for "The American Athlete."

E. C. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Address a letter to Superintendent Thomas Byrnes, Police Headquarters, 300 Mulberry street, New York. We do not know Bristol Bill.

A. W. G., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, England. Send 25 cents for "The Champions of England." It contains Mitchell's battles.

G. A. R., Olean, N. Y.—Peter Jackson was born in the West Indies. We publish a book entitled "The Black Champions," that will give you full particulars. Jackson was born in 1841.

J. W. C., Fort Douglas, Utah.—John Leary, better known as "Red Leary," was at the fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan when they fought at Mississippi City, on Feb. 7, 1882.

F. T., St. Louis, Minn.—Sullivan and Mitchell fought on March 10, 1888, at Agrement, France, for \$5,000. \$2,500 a side, according to prize ring rules. The fight ended in a draw. Thirty-nine rounds were fought.

G. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Geo Dixon has fought about twenty-eight contests, not speaking of his set-to's in theatres. 2. Send 25 cents for the "Black Champions of the Prize Ring." It contains Dixon's battles.

H. A. M., College Station, Tex.—Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett fought for a purse of \$10,000 in the California Club, San Francisco, on May 21, 1891. Sixty-one rounds were fought in 4 hours and 3 minutes, when Hiram A. Cook, the referee, claimed it was no contest.

READER.—Tug Wilson and John L. Sullivan engaged in only one contest; that was four rounds, in which Sullivan agreed to knock Wilson out. Sullivan failed to do so, and Wilson was declared the winner. The contest was decided on July 22, 1887, in Madison Square Garden, New York, and Harry Hill was referee.

H. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—Richard K. Fox found the stakes, \$3,500, for Paddy Ryan when he fought John L. Sullivan, \$6,000, for Jake Kilrain when he fought Jim Smith, and \$11,000 for Jake

Kilrain when he fought John L. Sullivan. After Frank P. Slavin defeated Joe McCalliffe in England Richard K. Fox did offer to back John L. Sullivan for \$25,000 to fight Slavin.

L. S. E., Mt. Clemens, Mich.—Billy Meyer and Andy Bowen fought for a purse of \$5,000 in New Orleans, May 19, 1891. Twenty-four rounds were fought in 1 hour 31 minutes, when the fight was declared in Bowen's favor. Austin Gibbons beat Andy Bowen for a purse of \$2,500 at New Orleans, La., on Dec. 29, 1891. Forty-eight rounds were fought in 8 hours and 41 minutes.

E. A. B., Spartanburg, Pa.—Sullivan and Kilrain fought at Richburg, Miss., on July 8, 1889. Richard K. Fox backed Kilrain for \$10,000 and gave him \$1,000 to bet in the ring. A syndicate backed Sullivan. The men fought according to London Prize Ring Rules, without gloves for \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" belt, an outside bet of \$1,000, and the championship of the world.

D. P. W., St. Paul, Minn.—1. There is no comparison between Eugene Sandow's feats and Louis Cyr. The latter accomplishes feats that Sandow could not equal let alone show his superiority. The two champion strong men of the world are Louis Cyr and James Walter Kennedy. Louis Cyr did go to England to meet Sandow, and Richard K. Fox offered to match Cyr against Sandow for \$1,000. 2. Send 30 cents, we will mail you a book with the records you desire.

A NEW SWIMMING RECORD.

[From the London Daily Graphic.]

On Saturday afternoon the usual entertainment provided by comic niggers, comic policemen, and serious humorists at Captain Boyton's World's Water Show was interrupted by a race for the half-mile swimming championship. Several "cracks," just and present, were entered, and one phenomenal swimmer—Nuttall. In the event the race was easily won by this swimmer, and a new record of 12 minutes 7 1/2 seconds for the half-mile established. Nuttall, whose nearest opponent, Greasley, of Leicester, was forty yards away at the finish, was by no means "all out," and might, it seemed, have won by twice the distance. Yet in Greasley he had a good enough man to swim against, for Greasley's time of 13 minutes 35 seconds beats every record except Nuttall's previous one of 15 minutes 39 1/2 seconds (made in the match with McCusker). It should be mentioned, however, as rather a singular circumstance that Standing and Evans, two other of the competitors entered, both accomplished performances considerably above their form, although they were badly beaten. The course itself might account for this.

It was a course of 110 yards, measured and certified as correct by a duly qualified surveyor, and laid out along the lake, the swimmers starting from a punt and touching and turning at a pole at the far end. A moderately good push off was to be obtained at the punt end. The record of 12 minutes 29 1/2 seconds, which Nuttall made in his mile match with McCusker at Hollingworth Lake, Rochdale, was made on a quarter-mile course, the men rounding a buoy at each end. But 15 minutes 7 1/2 seconds, however managed, is a record which puts Nuttall in the same position among swimmers as Grace occupied among cricketers, or Roberts among billiard players.

There were six competitors—Nuttall (undoubted champion), Greasley, Evans and Standing (ex-amateur champions), Durrell, of West Kensington, and Diplock, of Eastbourne. Standing had the best of the plunge, but Nuttall quickly caught him, and Greasley and Nuttall made a race of it for half a length. Nuttall, however, soon settled down, and as he touched the pole at the end of the first length was five yards to the good. Time, 1 minute 14 seconds, which would once have been thought fair time if the race had ended here.

From this point Nuttall steadily drew away, and finished the return length ten yards in front, amid shouts from the large number of spectators of "Well swim, Joey!" and "Bit down in front!" Meanwhile both Greasley and Joey were drawing well away from the others, two of whom, Evans and Standing, were swimming a hard race together. Durrell was lapped, and Diplock sensibly retired. At the half distance (time, 8 minutes 49 1/2 seconds,) the order was—Nuttall, Greasley, Standing and Evans, swimming stroke for stroke. At the finish Nuttall, sprinting, won by 40 yards. Greasley was 40 yards ahead of Evans, and Evans, outstaying his man in the last length, beat Standing by four yards in 13 minutes, 35 1/2 seconds. Mr. R. K. Fox presented the winner with a gorgeous gold medal or star, commemorative of the victory, and £10. The other men received £7, £5, and £3 in order.

(From the Sporting Life, London, England.)

Mr. Richard K. Fox (proprietor of the New York Police Gazette), must be known the wide world over for his generosity in connection with sport. Few pastimes have missed the beneficent influence of his purse, and in whatever shape the legitimate call fashioned itself, Mr. Fox has never been known to reply in the negative. The world's championship pugilistic belt is one of the many valuable trophies attached to his name, and this formed the groundwork of a fierce battle on the plains in France between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith. The infinite variety of our distinguished guest, who in recent years has made England his summer residence, increases with the spirit of competition, and to such an extent that the printing and publishing establishment of the New York Police Gazette is so painful as to render it one of the most attractive edifices to be found in America's great city. This to the ordinary mind may appear fulsome flattery, but the assertions are founded on existing facts, which not only bear the unmistakable imprint of stern reality, but stand out prominently as a lasting proof of the advantages to be derived from industry and honesty of purpose as applied to business relations of life. To swimming Mr. Fox has extended the spirit of commercial enterprise. First of all he presented James Finney with a very massive gold medal, in recognition of his ability as an expert in every branch of the profession. Later, Finney and R. T. Jones (a veteran by comparison, but in his day a marvellously fine swimmer over any distance from 100 yards to two miles) swam a race at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, for Mr. Fox's prize, and Finney won. Boyton's advent in this country and the facilities for a race in the water so intimately associated with the captain's name at Earle's Court, suggested the event under notice, and in due course came the following offer by Mr. R. K. Fox:—Champion gold medal (value £50) and £10 for the first man, £7 the second, £4 the third and £3 the fourth.

Martin Flaherty, of Boston, who fought

George Dixon 6 rounds, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week with Billy Madden, his backer, and challenged George Dixon or Johnny Van Heest to fight for the largest purse. The following is the Boston boxer's challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I hereby challenge George Dixon, the featherweight champion of the world, to box me to a finish at the same weight and terms as he fought Solly Smith. So far I am the only man that has beaten Dixon outside of Billy Plimmer, who also I will be pleased to make a match with, and if the Olympic Club of New Orleans will give a purse I will box Johnny Van Heest, who recently defeated Hughie Napier. I have tried time and again since I defeated Bobby Burns, who defeated Cal McCarthy, to get a match, but all the featherweights seem to be afraid to meet me. Now, I have placed myself under Billy Madden's management, who will either make them come to time or forfeit all claims to championship honors.

MARTIN FLAHERTY

Aleck Greggains, with Joe Lewis, his backer, and Bert Lewis, of Boston, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week. Lewis wants to match Greggains to meet Jim Hall for the largest purse. The following was wired to the Olympic Club, New Orleans.

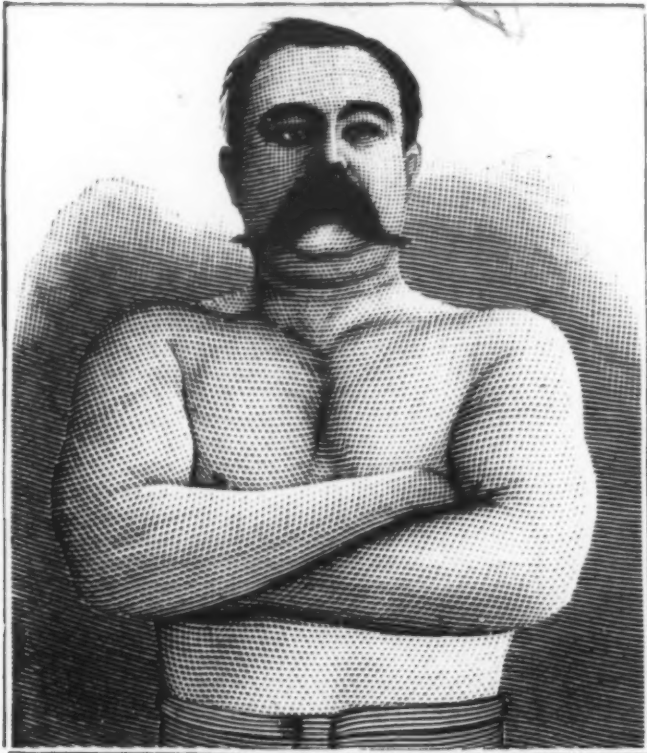
NEW YORK, Sept. 25, 1893.

Aleck Greggains agrees to fight Jim Hall at catchweight for reasonable purse. What amount will Olympic Club offer? Answer.

Lewis wants to match Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me. to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and largest purse at 140 pounds, give or take two pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

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W. J. BRENNAN
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OF A FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG.



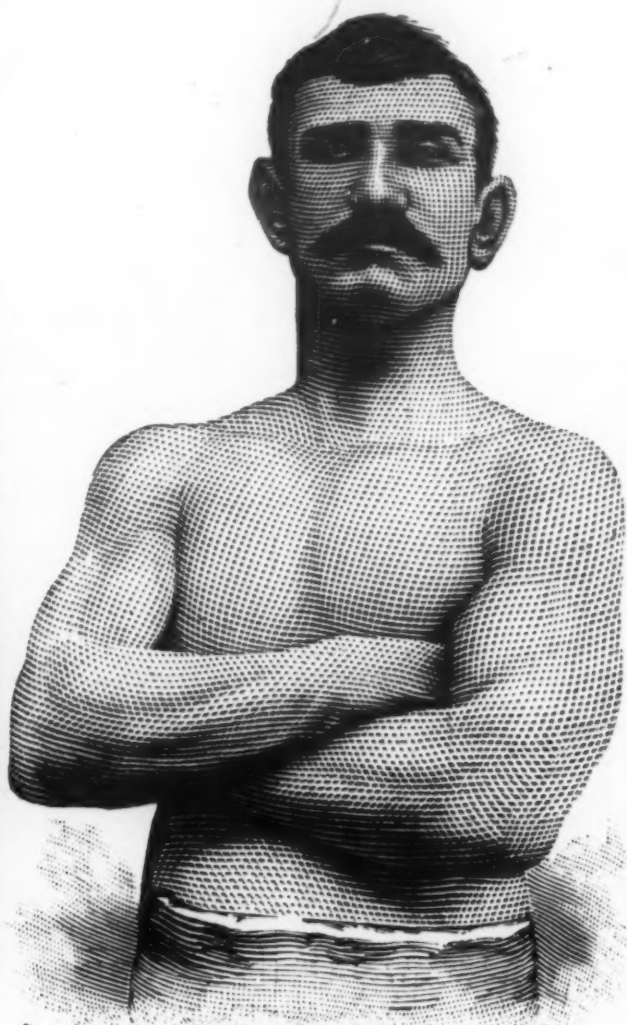
CAUGHT HER GUILTY HUSBAND.
MRS. VIOLA BELL, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, SURPRISES RECREANT MR. BELL AND WAYWARD SADIE SHIDLER,
A MARRIED WOMAN, IN HER OWN BEDROOM.



KILLED HER THROUGH JEALOUSY.
SCOTT FIELDS SHOTS PRETTY MARTHA HANNALLY BECAUSE OF ANOTHER MAN, NEAR CORINTH, KY.



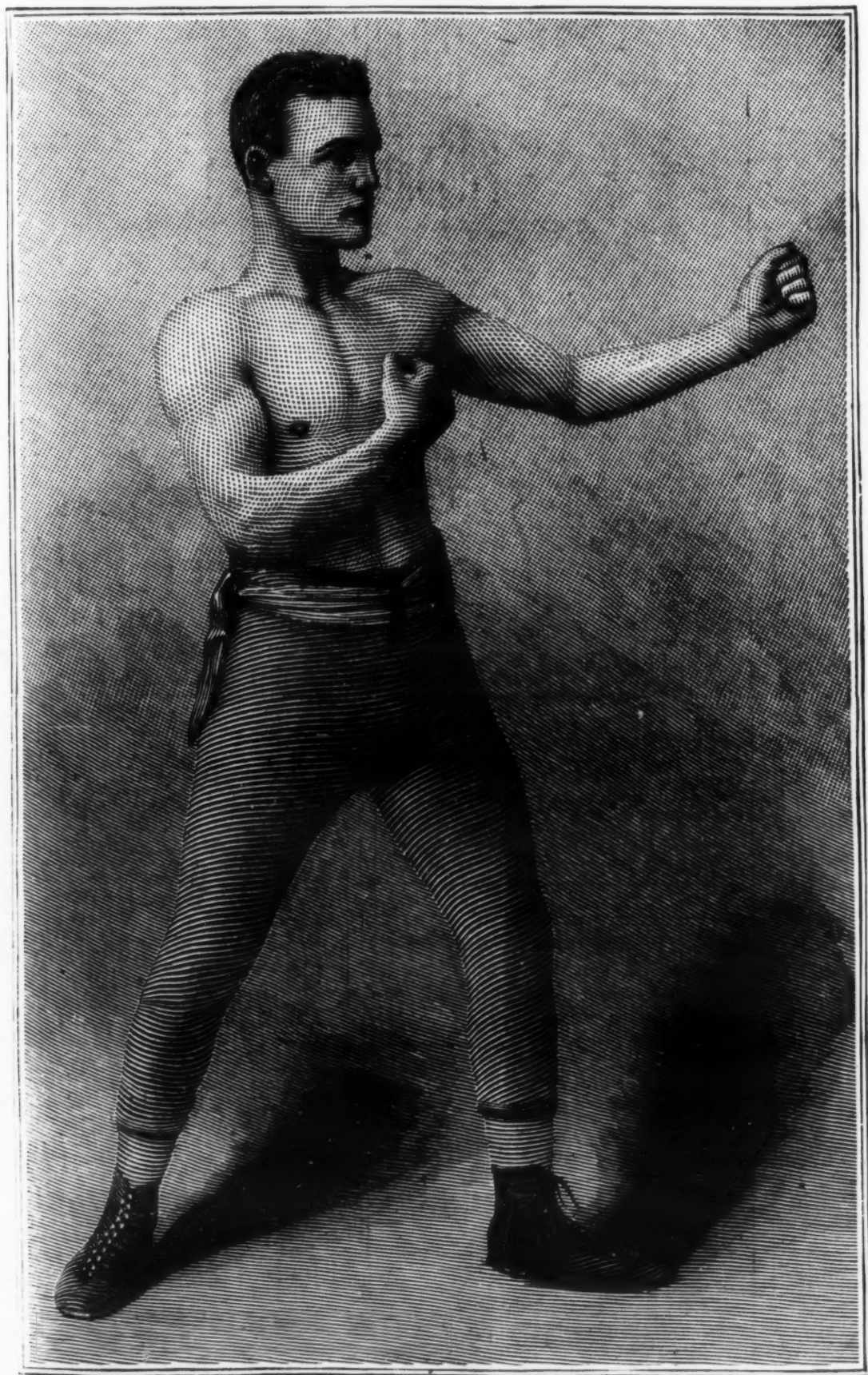
MOUNTED TROOPER W. L. SHIRE,
THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE ON THE VICTORIA AND ORD
RIVERS, SOUTH AND WEST AUSTRALIA.



MIKE FITZPATRICK,
THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF THE
NORTHWEST, READY FOR A FIGHT.



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BETTER KNOWN AS THE "HUMAN FLUTE," OF BALTI-
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Mix. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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